NATIONAL REVIEW

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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

On Analyzing Keynes

HENRY HAZLITT

What Gives with Rocky?

L. BRENT BOZELL

The Capture of Pomona College

ALLAN H. RYSKIND

Articles and Reviews by ..... WILLMOORE KENDALL
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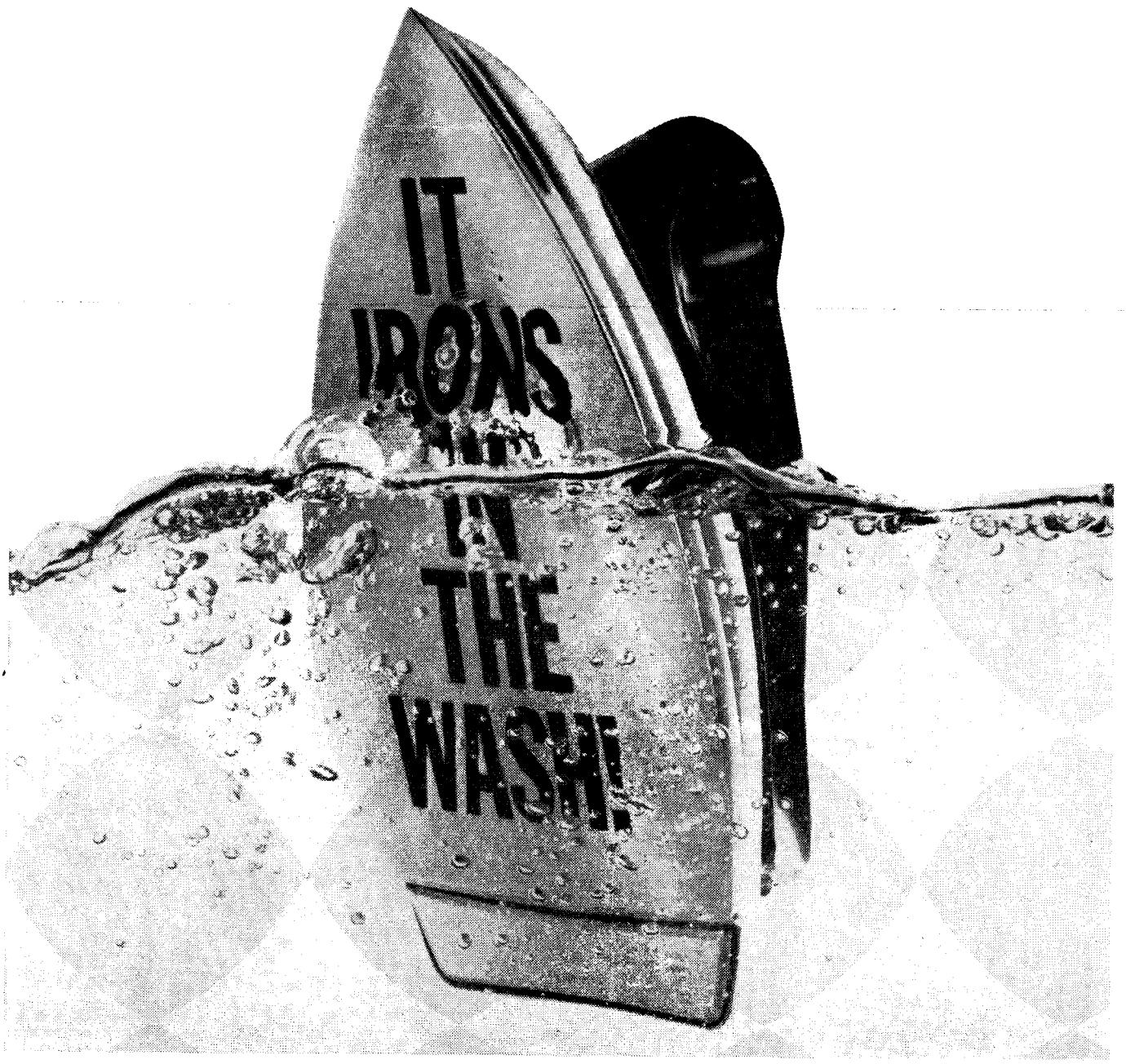

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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For the Record

One of the chief sponsors of the Communist Latin American Women's Congress in Santiago, Chile next month is Vilma Espín de Castro, wife of Raúl Castro. . . . Despite meeting of tourist agents in Havana earlier this month, tourist bureaus here and in Central America warning American travelers they may be stripped and searched by Customs officials if they visit Cuba. . . . At 4:00 a.m., local time, November 4, all over the world, Hungarian demonstrators will parade before Soviet consulates. That was the hour that the Russians violated their truce in Budapest three years ago.

Clifford Case bandwagon very slow in getting moving in New Jersey despite almost unlimited funds. Conservative GOP professionals now hopeful they can recapture party from Liberal Republicans, nominate Robert Morris for the Senate. Rockefeller aides, across the Hudson, watching the situation carefully since Rockefeller plans to enter the New Jersey Presidential primary. . . . In Los Angeles, white collar employees were handed long-stemmed red "roses from Rockefeller" as they poured out of their offices October 20, as part of Rockefeller's campaign to beat Nixon on his home ground.

The publicity buildup to make Nevil Shute's On the Beach (a film with a pacifist message) Movie of the Year was kicked off with a pre-opening story in Norman Cousins' Saturday Review last week, followed by full-page advertisements in leading papers around the country.

Observers in India believe military may stage power play unless Premier Nehru reacts more aggressively to Red China's border outrages. . . . Three hundred members of Communist Party in East Punjab resigned over party's failure to condemn Red China's actions in India. . . . Burma reportedly canceling the Soviet aid program there because it is "too costly." . . . Nepal reports 1,000 Tibetans have taken refuge there since June. . . . Fidel Castro defines his program for Cuba as "direct democracy." . . . European sources say the Vienna Youth Festival was such a flop this summer that the next one will not be held until 1962 (a year behind schedule).

Albert McCarthy, West Coast millionaire and conservative, has just bought the Mutual Network, a break for the Right.

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The WEEK

● At the annual dinner of White House correspondents, at which Mr. Eisenhower spoke, a guest of the *Wall Street Journal's* Roscoe Born was none other than James Hoffa. Reasons for the grotesquerie were not given, but it is perfectly plain to us what goes on here, namely, the Spirit of Camp David!

● Railroad union and management negotiators are currently battling each other in one of the most serious disputes of this century. Like the steel strike, it has a great deal to do with work rules and featherbedding. Industry charges that railroad featherbedding costs management a half billion dollars annually. On October 31 the three-year moratorium on rules-changes expired. The bargaining is bitter, and promises to get more so. On the one hand, industry, losing money, sees automation and increased efficiency as the only antidotes. On the other, a thousand railroad jobs have disappeared every week for the last ten years. The union wants to hold onto the jobs remaining, even if this means carrying superfluous firemen on diesels—and driving the railroads into bankruptcy.

● The late General Marshall, no less, has thrown a posthumous wrench into the Liberal apotheosis of Franklin D. Roosevelt. General Marshall, in an interview granted shortly before his death, told an editor of *U. S. News and World Report* just how deep the famed Roosevelt tolerance ran: During the war Roosevelt angrily ordered a domestic magazine that had criticized him banned from every American overseas base for the remainder of the war. "I felt," said General Marshall, "that he was going too far, and I told him so. It finally got to the point where I told him that if he did this thing I would resign and tell the nation why I resigned." Roosevelt relented. The affair recalls FDR's note to Wilbur Cross when Cross was editing the *Yale Review*: Don't, said the President, publish anything by John T. Flynn. (Flynn had committed *lèse majesté*.) The incidents are small ones in the history of a man who treated his popular mandate as if it were a coronation.

● Mr. J. Bracken Lee, former governor of Utah, who dismayed the legislature by spending *less* money than it appropriated, won an important victory last week. In a wide-open race for mayor of Salt Lake City, Mr. Lee, running as an independent, won more votes than all other candidates combined: an absolute majority of the votes cast. There will be a run-off between him and the number two man, because of the unusual electoral laws of the state; but it looks very much as though he will win, and prove something about the perdurable political appeal of a candidate who runs on a platform of economical government.

● Mr. John Carter Vincent reappeared last week—in the august letters columns of the *New York Times*. There he dispensed his views on writers and statesmen who have recently voiced opinions on foreign policy. These days Mr. Vincent is not-so-pleased with his old friend and employer, Dean Acheson, but likes to see the spirit of cordiality with which Dwight Eisenhower has greeted Khrushchev's efforts to reduce world tensions. Lesser statesmen earn less of Mr. Vincent's attention in his letter to the *Times*, though he has had time to spare for trivial men since being dropped from the Department of State after a loyalty board found grounds to question his allegiance to the United States. We are all for forgiving Vincent, if he repents his part in the betrayal of China; but we look for him to do that first before we can bring ourselves to care just how he is these days allocating his approval among the hungry statesmen of the world.

● When you come right down to it, if de Gaulle means it when he says he will not attend a Summit conference this year, Messrs. Eisenhower, Macmillan and Khrushchev have no acceptable alternative but to sit around and wait until he is ready. Mr. Eisenhower is in a particularly poor position to argue the point for it was he, after all, who as recently as last summer argued—as de Gaulle does now—that we should not be rushed into a Summit meeting but rather wait until the Soviet Union gives concrete evidence of its desire to relax international tensions. In spite of the record, de Gaulle's imperturbability has caused consternation in Washington and London where it had been imagined that the French president (as behooves a junior partner) would automatically go along with his superiors. Meanwhile, Europeans are looking forward gleefully to a confrontation between Khrushchev and de Gaulle, much as Americans would relish an encounter between Khrushchev and MacArthur.

● When the shouting was over and Walter S. Robertson, U.S. Delegate to the United Nations, had gone home, the floor of ABC-TV's College News Conference was strewn with slain misconceptions. Some of the specious arguments Mr. Robertson effectively demolished: 1) that we can't really negotiate with Red China without recognizing her. *We've already met with her on 90 separate occasions.* 2) The UN

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isn't a club, and everybody should be allowed in so everybody can sit around and talk. *Article VI of the UN Charter specifically points out that the UN is not intended to be universal, that nations must prove their devotion to peace.* 3) Wouldn't Red China be better behaved if it were in the UN? *Probably worse. If she can shoot her way now into an organization which has just condemned her, she's hardly likely to have a sudden change of heart.* 4) How come support for Red China's admittance to the UN has increased year after year? *It hasn't. Except last year when it gained one vote—a new country.* 5) Why don't we let Chinese newspapermen come to the U.S.? *They've never applied for a passport. They can come into the United States on the same basis as anybody else from anywhere else in the world. Not only do Red Chinese journalists refuse to apply for passports, but their government refuses our newspapermen visas to go to Red China.* College smart-boys haven't had such an experience in years.

● Shepherded by U.S. chief delegate James J. Wadsworth, and the MGB agent, Semyon K. Tsarapkin, who heads the Soviet delegation, the Geneva conference on banning nuclear weapons tests wearily resumed the year-long negotiation adjourned from last August. On the positions of the consulting parties: no change. Meanwhile, Tsarapkin serenely spins out his infinite delays, content with the de facto suspension of tests that the United States supinely prolongs without a treaty or any likely prospect of one.

● The situation is simply this: French Rightists have been of late accused of all sorts of dastardly plots to overthrow the (Fifth) Republic, which (more or less) overthrew the Fourth Republic. A 43-year-old left-wing politician by the name of François Mitterand (a French Hubert Humphrey) suddenly announces that someone tried to assassinate him. The Rightists are accused. Out steps an obscure Rightist Deputy, Robert Pesquet, who says Mitterand asked him to simulate an assassination attempt. Mitterand denies all, says he met Pesquet several times, adds that Pesquet warned him (Mitterand) that he was about to be assassinated. Mitterand didn't tell the police, he says, because he was grateful to Pesquet. He is no longer grateful. President de Gaulle is interested. Mendès-France says nothing. Now, about the Sixth Republic. . .

● On a lonely peak in Liechtenstein, the "little four" of Europe met last week to map out their program for world peace through "tourism," preferably tourism in Andorra (191 sq. mi.), Liechtenstein (62 sq. mi.), San Marino (38 sq. mi.) and Monaco (0.54 sq. mi.). But they fell to squabbling over a recommendation of the Admissions Committee. The Vatican State (108.7 acres) got an immediate okay, but the "little four" practically broke up over the question of Luxemburg (999 sq. mi.). Luxemburg, opponents held, is almost a big state (nearly 1,000 sq. mi.!) and anyway it is otherwise committed to the "six" (Common Market) and the "many" (NATO). Liechtenstein, which led the opposition, had about lined up Monaco against the pro-Luxemburg San Marino-Andorra bloc when a wandering Geneva book publisher knocked on the door with a red-and-gold bound copy of a guidebook he proposes to bring out next year entitled: "The Little Six of Europe." That did it. Luxemburg is in. On the agenda for the 1960 meeting in Andorra: an invitation to the Dame of Sark, the lady who runs a semi-autonomous island in the British Channel.

On Whose Authority?

NATIONAL REVIEW continues to be concerned with certain recurrent problems of belief that are focused for the moment in the Luniks, but by no means confined thereto. (See "To Believe or Not to Believe," below.) We are told by wise and knowledgeable friends in Washington that American Intelligence "knows plenty about the Luniks," and knows, specifically, that the Soviet accounts of Luniks I, II and III are

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falsified in details but true in broad outline. This we have been told, and past experience with these friends inclines us to believe what they so flatly say. Yet our "epistemological problem" remains. The Lunik stories are publicly confirmed *only* by Soviet sources; and we will not accept, unconfirmed, a Soviet source.

So we have said to our friends: If what you tell us is indeed the case, then let a responsible official of our government state publicly that American Intelligence and American scientists have *independently confirmed* the Soviet accounts, in whole or in part. Let him be silent concerning the methods of confirmation, if discussing these would give secret knowledge to the enemy. We will believe the bare statement, unequivocally made—but we will not believe Khrushchev or his agents.

No such statement has yet been made. NATIONAL REVIEW still seeks to prompt or provoke it.

To Believe or Not to Believe

Most of the mountains, seas and craters showing on the Soviet picture lay on or near the boundary between the unseen and previously charted portions of the moon. The rest appeared to consist largely of what appeared to be a light-colored, featureless region, although the picture was too fuzzy to show detail.

Walter Sullivan, science editor, in the *New York Times*, Oct. 26, 1959

For 2,500 years, beginners in philosophy have worried over such classic epistemological puzzles as: if a tree falls in an empty desert, is there any sound? How can you prove that there is a far side of the moon when no one has seen it? Well, the second of these old teasers has evidently been answered. By the eyes of Lunik III if not our own, the moon's far side has been seen. . . . Or has it? Just what, indeed, are we to believe about the Luniks? What shall we believe, more generally, about the Soviet Union, its condition and its doings?

Revelation apart, which follows no rules, the beliefs that reasonable men hold about the world of space and time—empirical beliefs, as logicians call them—rest on one of two grounds: "the evidence of the senses"—observation, experiment, research, etc.; or the word of a source that has proved itself both competent and trustworthy.

Now none of us who are members of the lay public, outside the magic rings of both Science and Intelligence, has seen, heard, tasted, touched or smelled any of the three Luniks, either through our own senses or through any of the marvelous observing instruments by which moving things are now tracked in the vast wilderness of space.

We must therefore rely on the word of someone else—on Authority, if you will—for our beliefs about the Luniks. Whence, then, have we heard the Lunik stories? With the exception of a few very trivial items, all we know, up to the present writing, has come from the Soviet Union, from Soviet scientists, journalists, photographers and radio announcers.

Does a statement issued from this source, without independent evidence or confirmation, commend itself to the belief of reasonable men? The answer is given by the history of the past forty-two years.

For a decade and a half, this source denied, and then admitted, that several millions of peasants had died in the 1932-33 collectivization drive. From 1936-39 this source—in the great Trials and Purges—invented a gigantic series of detailed plots and counterplots involving millions of its own subjects and leaders. These were believed by most of the world, including most of the experts, but they were totally false, as it turned out; a Gargantuan hoax—which Khrushchev himself had finally to disavow before the 20th Congress of his Party. This source has stated that Russians invented the telephone, the modern reaper, the telescope, radar and practically any other device you can name: falsely in every case. This source has for decades "proved" a theory of genetics (Lysenko's) by "experiments" that no non-Soviet scientist has ever managed to reproduce. From this source, only a few years ago, came word of a gigantic, rapidly expanding fleet of long-range bombers, solemnly written up in our most portentous columns —that everyone now knows never existed. From that source has come a continuous stream of false, distorting and mutually contradictory statistics concerning the political, ethnic and economic facts of Soviet society.

Surely a reasonable man ought to conclude from the record that alert skepticism is the appropriate attitude toward any unconfirmed statement from this source. If Soviet spokesmen say so-and-so, that in itself is no ground at all for believing so-and-so to be true. If anything, it should create a presumption of falsity, or at least of doubt. In the past, a substantial percentage of Soviet statements have been false. Today's statement—about Luniks or steel production or a population census—*may* be true. But it may be among the falsehoods that the past pattern must lead us to expect. We must seek some sort of independent confirmation.

Just so with the Luniks. Except for a few findings from Jodrell Bank that do not constitute independent checks, all data so far made public come from the Soviet source. These data are not inherently convincing, are indeed in many respects curious from a strict scientific point of view. But the photographs? For 39 years the Kremlin has operated a large bureau

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specializing in faked photographs, letters and documents. Could it be significant that markings on the alleged Lunik photographs, as Mr. Sullivan notes, are mostly obvious extrapolations from the already charted surface, with the remainder largely "featureless" and "fuzzy"—*ie.*, too vague to be checked by the photographs of tomorrow? The "Sea of Moscow"? What if it proves not to be there? As simple as saying there was an imperfection in the transmission of the photograph—or that scientists who interpreted the photograph, since dispatched to Siberia, made a clumsy mistake. . . .

On the basis of the public data, therefore, a reasonable man will *suspend belief* about the Luniks. All that Moscow says about them may be true; all of it may be false; or, quite possibly, there is a mixture of truths and falsehoods. The posture of suspended belief is less comfortable, we grant, than all-out acceptance or denial. But it may prove to be practically sound—as it is surely sound logically.

As a matter of fact, the question of the Luniks is not very important in either scientific or strategic terms. If Lunik III didn't photograph the far side of the moon, another space camera, theirs or ours, soon will. And whether the Luniks are a scientific triumph or a super-hoax doesn't alter our strategic job one way or the other: to strive to be always in a technical, military and moral condition that will enable us, on command, to annihilate the power of the enemy.

Still the Other Cheek

Pandit Nehru has not lost his tongue—that will never happen, so long as the millenium eludes us—but he has lapsed into incoherence on the matter of the continued aggression of the Red Chinese on Indian territory. Two weeks ago a positively bellicose Nehru informed the government of Mao Tse-tung that he would not "discuss" differences with it until the Communists ended their assaults on Indian territory. The Chinese retaliated by ambushing a company of Indian soldiers and dispatching seventeen of them to a better world. The Indian press, up in arms, turned

George Marshall, R.I.P.

Reprinted from the NATIONAL REVIEW BULLETIN, *October* 31, 1959

George Catlett Marshall has now given to his Creator the accounting that he refused to his countrymen. Among the great public figures of our time there is no second example of so close a reticence. Marshall never uttered a single public word of *apologia* for his life and acts. He never explained the goal or motives that guided his decisions. He did not make any public evaluation of the critical events in which he was so intimately concerned. Though nothing could seem less mysterious than his pleasantly homely appearance and his unassuming personal life, George Marshall goes wrapped in the darkest of mysteries into the final darkness.

Let us recall—it has somehow been made easy to forget—that General Marshall stood on the bridge, close to the control post, at each of the great and fatal turning points of the mid-twentieth century. He was the responsible chief when the fleet was struck at Pearl Harbor: and we do not know, trivial and incredible as this one of the many mysteries seems, just where he was at the hour of disaster. George Marshall was the supreme military director not only of the United States but of the Western world, and final adviser of the West's civilian leaders, when the decisions were made to back Tito instead of Mihailovich, to permit the Red instead of the Western armies to overrun Czechoslovakia and Berlin, and to seek Soviet entry into the war with Japan. And it was General Marshall who in person led the mission to China which — by its proposal for a Communist-Kuomintang united front in place of firm support to Chiang and Free China—made inevitable the Communist conquest of China for which Soviet entry into the Japanese war had laid the basic military premise.

What was George Marshall's share in these decisions and catastrophes? Was his the initiative in reaching them, or any of them? Did he concur in, oppose, qualify or passively follow the directives of the civilian leaders? None of the memoirs of his associates or studies of the historians definitively answers such questions. George Marshall did not answer them or provide, so far as we know, any first-hand data for an answer.

The formal and unmixed eulogies that have been pronounced throughout the Western world follow a customary ritual of our age that often taints the decent respect at death with a measure of hypocrisy. In Marshall's case, a certain relief can also, perhaps, be sensed. These mysteries in which General Marshall so mysteriously figured were not his alone, nor was he—whatever his true place—the sole architect of the disasters. His death in still-continued silence seals a long chapter of a book which many others wish, though from motives that may differ much from his, to keep tightly shut. Thereby we are not merely being shut off from knowledge of a key segment of our past. We are being deprived also of the very lessons upon which our future may depend.

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Interview with Shostakovitch

The press conference for a Soviet VIP, I have discovered, is an exercise in futility. Russians have never forgotten that old saying, "When you speak to a general, shut up"—and they also expect reporters to remain silent. But I was more than a little interested to see and hear Dmitri Shostakovitch, Dmitri Kabalevsky, and the Soviet Howard Taubman—the "musicologist" Boris Yarustovsky—so I went.

Kabalevsky fascinated me. He is tall, grey-haired, long-toothed, and has the ingratiating manner of a man about to sell you a well-disguised candidate for the glue factory. Shostakovitch looks remarkably young, with no discernible grey in his brown hair. But his years of subservience to a Communist *ars musica* have given the corners of his thin-lipped mouth a downward curve, fashioning it into a dour crescent. He was not smiling when he came in, and as the press conference began he had little to feel gay about.

The first question was mine. Did Mr. Shostakovitch still hold the same views about the United States that he had expressed at the Waldorf Conference in 1949? ("Hatemongers," "fascists" who were turning out "new kinds of weapons to trample upon people and cities," he had called us then.) Shostakovitch looked at me as if I were some particularly loathsome form of plant life. "There is no difference in my attitude toward the United States now from what it was in 1949," he said. "I feel a friendly disposition toward the United States and its talented people."

Perhaps it was not polite of me, but I could not help reminding him of his 1949 sentiments. Shostakovitch scowled. "The situation is somewhat different," he said sharply. "My remarks were directed toward certain politicians and not the American people."

The six Soviet musicians had been brought to the United States as part of the cultural exchange program, so it was only fair to allow the other correspondents to be cultural about Leonard Bernstein, the Budapest String Quartet, the music Russian children play, and the *Porgy and Bess* film. But if I grew restive, so did Paul Niven, the CBS correspondent who was expelled from Moscow—which is just about the only nice thing he says of the Soviet government.

Niven told Shostakovitch that he found it hard to understand—or believe—the frequent recantations and expressions of artistic error which artists in the Soviet Union are expected to make. Was this a thing of the Stalin era or an integral part of the Soviet system? Shostakovitch, who developed neuritis during one of his educational trips to Siberia, looked pained. "Soviet artists are very critical of their own compositions," he said grimly. "if the artist loses the critical attitude, he ceases to be creative." It wasn't much of an answer, but good enough for a composer-pianist who knows that the acoustics of the Lubianka are not very good.

In his youth, I said, Shostakovitch had used the rhythms and tonalities of jazz. Did he believe that the USSR would ever modify its hostility to American jazz? Shosty, however, had zeroed me in. "I am not completely familiar with the official position of the Soviet government," he said. (Jazz records, more than shoes or toilet paper, are the American articles most in demand in the Moscow black market.) "But probably the asker of the question is more familiar with it than I am."

"This question is addressed to all the composers," I said. "When I was in Leningrad last summer, I attended a performance of Khatchaturian's ballet, *Spartak*. Part of its thematic material was a complete rendition of Cole Porter's *Night and Day*, George M. Cohan's *Over There*, the Rodgers and Hart *Lover*, and other American popular tunes. Is the use of this kind of musical paraphrase usual among Soviet conductors?" (Dirty looks from the Soviet musicians.)

The answer was a ringing defense of Khatchaturian—the Soviet André Kostelanetz—and a brief huddle. Then one of the composers said: "As far as the American tunes you mention, I did not recognize any of them. Perhaps they existed only in the mind of the questioner."

"But a Soviet official who was with me at the ballet said that there was quite a controversy over Khatchaturian's use of American tunes in *Spartak*," I said.

"Will you give us an idea of these tunes?" Kabalevsky asked.

"I'm not in very good voice," I answered. "I just want to know if this practice is usual or unusual in the Soviet Union."

Kabalevsky, who had been talking in Russian until then, didn't wait for the interpreter to translate. "Very usual," he said in English. And Yarustovsky, the musicologist, added proudly, "*Spartak* was awarded the Lenin Prize."

"For plagiarism?" I asked under my breath.

That night, at a special performance of a Kabalevsky concerto by the National Symphony Orchestra, the Soviet visitors were besieged for autographs—3,402, the *Washington Star's* Daye Thorpe noted solemnly in his review. Allowing the usual time for writing one's name, this meant that each of the Russians spent 19 hours at it—the longest intermission in the history of music.

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

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to Nehru for an appropriate response. "The people who talk of fighting China," said Nehru the Warrior, "can do it smugly because they don't have to go themselves to fight in a barren border region where no tree, not even a blade of grass grows."

Meanwhile, India's Cincinnatus was off at the United Nations in New York, arguing last week against any UN action protesting the rape of Tibet. It is bad enough to have Krishna Menon come from the same country you come from, a thoroughly aroused Indian press is saying, but to have him as your *Defense Minister* is about the most wretched thing that can happen to any country. And so nothing is done to resist the arrogant, cynical Red Chinese campaign to humiliate India. Even Mr. Max Lerner, who is in New Delhi at the moment, is flabbergasted by Nehru's pusillanimity: "By saying that the Ladakh area is barren and unlivable Nehru comes close to saying that it is stupid for the Chinese to want it or for the Indians to defend it. Yet as the editor of the Hindustan *Times* put it, the Chinese have an inexplicable taste for barren territory."

Now You See It . . .

Such a bright idea, or so it must have seemed to the City Fathers who reasoned thus: 1) New York City needs more money for this-and-that municipal project —but can't get it because taxes are already skyhigh; 2) New York City Needs More Schools for Our Children (one automatically assumes that, and never mind the evidence), but there is no money with which to build them available from the municipal budget; so 3) why not go to the voters of the state and say: We will undertake a double-crash (New York City already has a normal-crash) school construction program over the next ten years if you will amend the State Constitution to permit the City to borrow $500 million above its legal debt limit for this purpose. Vote yes to Amendment 4 this week, said the City Fathers, and we will take care of your children.

Along came Lawrence Gerosa, Comptroller of New York City, with a few sticky objections: 1) the City has had a "crash" school construction program since 1951, but has had so much trouble spending the sums allocated that by August 1959, the unused balance had reached $99 million despite 2) the wanton waste of money for such things as new roofs (with a 20-year guarantee) and new plumbing installed in schools about to be closed; and such haste in authorizing building that in some of the new high schools as much as 30 per cent of the total cost represents changes in plans which had to be made after construction was under way; 3) while the Board of Education insists there is a shortage of 23,000 seats in the high schools, it reports 86,000 empty seats in the City's elementary and junior high schools. Question: Couldn't some elementary schools become high schools? 4) Authorities concede that New York City has just about reached the saturation point, population-wise.

Mr. Gerosa sums up that the new borrowing authority will not add to the City's school building program, already proceeding at such an accelerated pace as to be uneconomic. And he reminds the taxpayers of New York City that in 1951 they voted to borrow $500 million for the construction of a Second Avenue subway which never got built (or even started)—although the money got spent.

When the City Fathers, in desperation, called on Governor Rockefeller to support Amendment 4, the the best the Governor could do for them was to say he favored it because it would free school funds within the debt limit for other uses but that the people should know that the City's school needs could be met without the bond issue. He added, for good measure, that the City had been less than "frank" in presenting this as an education issue.

What it amounts to is a cynical attempt by Mayor Wagner and the city authorities, with the help of the educationist lobby, to bamboozle the people of New York into writing them a blank check for $500 million. They know people will dig deeper into their pockets to educate their children than they will to provide new disposal plants or more jobs for more jobholders, or relief funds for Puerto Ricans who arrived yesterday. Need we say we are opposed to Amendment 4?

Wait Yet a Little While

The argument is very good for direct American intercession in Cuba, where a wildman is doing his best to make the island uninhabitable. That is not sufficient reason for American intervention: but Fidel Castro is doing more. He is promoting violent anti-American sentiment through demagoguery and slander; and he threatens now to abrogate the treaty by which the United States uses a number of Cuban naval bases, for the protection of the larger Caribbean area and the two Americas. And on top of it all, there is a direction to Castro's hurtling irrationality: he is moving Cuba toward Communism.

But it is probably wiser to wait. The Cuban revolutionary spirit does not appear to be able to keep up with Castro's extremism (Castro called for a million man protest rally, got only 300,000). His regime is cracking, and it is better that it should do so without our help, tempting though it is for the patient lion finally to rise up, shake the sleep out of its eyes,

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and focus its deadly gaze on the quarry. Let us pray that when the immolation comes—it is due to come—Castro will ring down the curtain without general agony to the much abused people who placed their faith in him. Meanwhile, as we say, let us wait: for a while longer, anyway; wait at least for as long as Castro stays away from our bases.

Rally in Chicago

A spirited conference of conservatives was held in Chicago October 23-24 under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Kent Courtney of New Orleans, publishers of *The Independent American,* a monthly survey of conspicuously conservative editorials from the national press. Conservative publicists gathered from far and wide to participate in a two-day program. The first day was given over to economic sermons and a banquet, and the second day to the development of organizational plans for third party activity. Participants at the Chicago meeting were exposed, to mention only a few, to Tom Anderson, Bryton Barron, Wm. F. Buckley Jr., Medford Evans, J. Bracken Lee, Revilo Oliver, Dan Smoot, Willis Stone and Robert Welch, and that adds up to a lot of right-wing firepower. The meeting launched a federation of third party movements, whose purpose is to encourage third political parties in those states where they are feasible.

NATIONAL REVIEW is not in favor of founding a national third political party for no less a reason than that there is lacking 1) the means, 2) the organization and 3) the voters, without which national third parties do not stand a chance to succeed. But the creation of individual third parties in individual states, with the aim of maximizing the organizational leverage of conservative sentiment, is sharp and intelligent political practice. Such an organization is the Liberal Party of New York, for instance, whose aim is to exert pressure on the Democrats to nominate congenial, *i.e.,* left-wing candidates,—and there should be countervailing pressure from the right. Had there been a conservative pressure party in New York State in 1958, Nelson Rockefeller would not have had so easy a time transforming the Republican Party into an efficient left-wing instrument. Nor would Javits have been nominated in 1956.

It is important for conservatives to bear in mind that it is not a test of ideological purity whether one favors or opposes the formation of a third party. It is a question of tactics. We have heard a number of conservatives say: If the Republican Party turns down Nixon in favor of Rockefeller—then we are through with the Republicans for good and all. Perhaps that *would* be the time for a national effort, even if we reject the suggested inverse—that Nixon is a satisfactory spokesman for conservative interests. There were many who spoke of quitting the Republican Party in 1952 if it rebuffed Taft, and did not—in part because he asked them not to, as, surely, Nixon would ask Republicans to stand by Rockefeller if Rockefeller were nominated.

Enough rumination: we hope Mr. Courtney's activities will help to rally conservative sentiment, thereby to make it a more effective influence in the political life of the nation.

Notes and Asides

Attorneys Roy M. Cohn and Thomas A. Bolan (the former chief counsel for the McCarthy investigating committee, and the assistant U.S. attorney who resigned in protest against the attempt to kill the grand jury's investigation of Adam Clayton Powell Jr.'s erratic contributions to the Bureau of Internal Revenue) have written an invaluable summary of the Supreme Court's record of anti-anti-Communism during 1953-1957. Their scholarly article appears in the current issue of the *Fordham Law Review.* Reprints are available (50 cents) from Crusade for America, 51 Front Street, Rockville Centre, N.Y.

The Abraham Lincoln National Republican Club of Chicago is sponsoring a "Republican Pre-Convention Freedom Series," kicked off last week by Senator Styles Bridges. Other speakers will be Robert Morris (Nov. 5); E. Merrill Root (Dec. 4); Governor Handley of Indiana (Jan. 7); Congressman Richard Simpson (Jan. 29); Herbert Philbrick (Feb. 12); and Suzanne Silvercruys Stevenson (March 3). For details, write to the Club at 116 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 3, Illinois.

ERRATA: The name of Mrs. Ray Eling, of Ft. Thomas, Kentucky, was inadvertently dropped from her communication in our issue of October 24. Mrs. Eling's letter recounted the saga of her automobile and her "Khrushchev Not Welcome Here" sticker—both of which she intends to replace. Our apologies.

Contrary to our report in NATIONAL REVIEW for September 26, Dr. Carl McIntire's International Council of Christian Churches did indeed rally in the Pasadena Rose Bowl. At the time we went to press, the City of Pasadena's negative decision still stood. It was subsequently reversed.

Our Contributors: ALLAN H. RYSKIND ("The Capture of Pomona College"), who recently completed two years service in the Army, is now on the staff of *Human Events.* He is the son of NATIONAL REVIEW's favorite poet, Morrie Ryskind.

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NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

What Gives with Rocky?

There had never been much system to Nelson Rockefeller's views on foreign policy. In the Roosevelt years, to be sure, he was known to have taken a firm stand against peonage in Latin America. And later on, under Eisenhower, he was said to have opposed discrimination in foreign aid—as regards both donees and amount. Also, according to a biographer, he was an "idea man": the "atoms for peace" program, the atom "peace ship," the "open skies" proposal are some of Madison Avenue's contributions to the cold war in which Rockefeller is reputed to have had a hand. Still and all, the record hardly added up to a foreign policy. Much less did it warrant a prediction that between August 1 and November 1, 1959, Nelson Rockefeller would be talking more sense on Soviet-American relations than all the other Presidential candidates combined.

The first surprise was the Governor's coolness toward the Khrushchev visit. He greeted the announcement by exposing the Governors' conference at San Juan to his misgivings about exchanges in general. He even sided with Governor Hollings of South Carolina in opposing the White House-inspired scheme to ask the heads of the Soviet "republics" to return the visit of American governors to Russia. Later on, Rockefeller sources let it be known that the Governor did not plan to greet Khrushchev. He did, of course, but there is more to that story than has been told.

Shortly after the announcement of the visit, Rockefeller wrote Eisenhower, advising him that he would be out of the state when Khrushchev arrived. The President, according to this report, wrote back that, should the Governor be unable to alter his plans, he (Eisenhower) would have to interpret the decision as evidence that Rockefeller lacked an appropriate understanding of world problems. Confronted with a transparent threat to oppose his Presidential ambitions, Rockefeller capitulated. And yet the public impression remained — and Rockefeller did not attempt to discourage it—that Rockefeller regarded his session with Khrushchev as an unwelcome duty.

Another eye-opener was his statement on Soviet-American trade (NATIONAL REVIEW, Oct. 24). Khrushchev, like Kozlov and Mikoyan before him, had striven mightily during his American visit to force a revision of U. S. policy. Faced with growing demands to accede by Democratic leaders in Congress, and almost total silence on the subject from members of his own party, Rockefeller stepped forward and pleaded for sanity.

Then, last week, came the biggest surprise of all. The question, which most likely did not take the Governor unaware, was asked by a member of a TV panel: "Do you think the United States should resume nuclear testing?" "I do," he replied. "I think that we cannot afford to fall behind in the advanced techniques of the use of nuclear materials." With that, Rockefeller carved out for himself a private preserve in the 1960 political landscape. His was a bolder move, in a way, than even Adlai Stevenson's proposal to stop the tests in 1956. Stevenson had behind him some of the heaviest guns of the Liberal-Left propaganda machine, and, taking the long view of things, was running with the tide. Rockefeller has little behind him but the logic of his position. True, he has the support of the Pentagon, where the view is held that national survival depends on our ability to fashion a tactical nuclear capacity; but the Pentagon is not known for its ability to produce votes.

"What about fall-out?" another questioner wanted to know—reminding the Governor of Linus Pauling's assertion that fall-out from the tests "will eventually kill everybody." (Pauling, incidentally, was at it again that very night in Carnegie Hall. His latest estimate of the consequences of nuclear war: "probably not more than one million Americans could survive.") "I don't agree [with him]," Rockefeller said coldly, "and I don't think a great number of scientists do either." In any event, he added, he was suggesting that the tests "be done underground where there will be no fall-out."

These few words constituted Rockefeller's sharpest break yet with the Administration's foreign policy. Also, taken together with the other things, they came close to establishing a distinctive Rockefeller "line" on the Soviet Union—a comparatively tough line, a line based on the premise that the cold war goes on, and one, therefore, that runs directly athwart the present drift of U. S. policy.

What is the Governor up to? Let us pass over the question of whether he is, as they say, "sincere" (your correspondent hasn't the faintest idea), and note what he is pretty clearly up to as a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination. He is trying, it would seem, to turn Nixon's right flank, much as Nixon with his world court proposal and the attempt to appear "flexible" on the Soviet issue has been trying to turn Rockefeller's left flank. For just as Nixon is weak with the Liberals, so Rockefeller is weak with conservatives — who, however small their effect on a general election, are reputed to have some influence in a Republican convention. Is this a risky game? Apparently not. Neither man, curiously, seems to be in any serious danger of alienating his natural sources of support. Nixon has been trying the patience of conservatives—and found it infinite. And Rockefeller has pressed his foreign policy *démarche* without any visible stir from the Liberals.

It would seem to follow that neither man is going to prove very much by these maneuverings. Nixon—looking at it now the other way around—is not going to be liked by the Liberals, no matter how hard he tries. And Rockefeller is not likely to make points with the average conservative merely by demonstrating intellectual probity regarding the Soviet Union. There is a lot of juice in that turnip—the Soviet issue; but it has to be dramatized. It is somehow difficult to feature the Governor as an honest-to-goodness Red-baiter.

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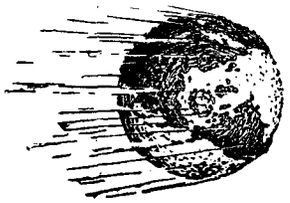

The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

The Main Line

"The cool reception accorded Premier Khrushchev on his recent four-day visit to the Chinese capital is a sign of an approaching rupture between the great partners in Communism. . . .

"There has been a steadily growing anti-Soviet feeling in Red China . . .

"China still covets the huge Amur territory wrested from her by Czarist Russia. . . . The Chinese Communists bitterly resent the pressure Moscow exerted in obtaining autonomy for Sinkiang. . . . The continuing friction between the two powers in Manchuria and Outer Mongolia is heightening. . . .

"It behooves the United States to encourage the severance of the Communist umbilical cord, especially when we can attract the more powerful of the two partners. Russia, too, sees a strong benefit in joining the Western bloc, for she realizes that a rapidly developing China will offer a real threat shortly. . . ."

Mark these words well. I have quoted them from a recent letter to the *New York Times,* signed by a Ralph Ober, but they could be paralleled from columns by Roscoe Drummond, Walter Lippmann and Max Lerner, from editorials in a hundred journals or from the comments of any traveler lately returned from Russia. I chose Mr. Ober's formulation because I have so often in the past found the *Times* letter-columns to be the most sensitive of opinion-barometers; and because Mr. Ober has given, from his own perspective, so logically rounded a statement of what is now the main line of Soviet psycho-political warfare.

A Breach in Which Wall?

I do not suggest that Mr. Ralph Ober is himself touched by even the faintest tint of Communism. I am in no way acquainted with Mr. Ober, who may be, for all I know, an exporter wanting to make an honest dollar out of increased trade with Russia, an astrologer who gets his international ideas by casting a horoscope, or even a Professor of Far Eastern Something-or-other. I know nothing about Mr. Ober, but I do know a little about Soviet policy: enough to see—it is not so obscure if you keep your eyes open—that the No. 1 current objective of Moscow's psycho-political warfare is to persuade Western opinion that there exists a deep and quickly growing breach between Russia and China.

This is the logical, psychological and moral premise for the rest of the current Communist operation: for the Russo-Western *détente,* coexistence, cultural cosiness, German settlements, trade, disarmament, and so on. This — with reverberations of the Yellow Peril sounding in the background—is the perfect rationalization to lead even anti-Communists across the appeasement bridge.

Our minds had better break out their weather gear to meet the flood of words proclaiming the Russia-China breach that will pour down on us during the months and years ahead. They will swirl from every quarter: Left, Right, Front and Rear.

Communist Psywar is not just a vague and formless propaganda such as we attempt. Communist Psywar operations are conceived *strategically,* like any other form of genuine warfare, and directed toward specific *objectives.* When the general situation so dictates, the Communists make a single key objective the central (though not exclusive) Psywar focus for an entire period that may last a number of years: as, for example, the Popular Front against War and Fascism (1933-39); the Second Front (1942-44); the idea that the Chinese Communists were nationalist and democratic agrarians (1944-49). In a comparable way, the Communists now focus on the idea of the Russia-China breach. We may safely predict, incidentally, that among those who will now spread the "breach" idea we shall find many of the same persons —including most of the old IPR crowd—who a few years ago gave us the word on "agrarian reformers."

Was You There, Mr. Ober?

This "breach" idea has been long planned and carefully planted. Khrushchev lets it dangle alluringly in his talks with Western visitors, as their reports invariably disclose. By the worst of luck, Khrushchev managed to slip it into Konrad Adenauer's head during their Moscow discussions two years ago. Adenauer's opinion, communicated to Washington, has had a considerable effect on the State Department and the President.

Look back at Mr. Ober's text. *Who* told him that K's reception in Peiping had been "cool"? From *whose* observations has he learned of the "steadily growing anti-Soviet feeling in Red China"? *What* is his empirical evidence that the "friction in Manchuria is heightening"? that China "still covets" this or that? Does Mr. Ober have the Kremlin office bugged, that he can assert so apodictically that "Russia sees a strong benefit in joining the Western bloc"?

For these and all comparable items, the empirical sources — if we trace them all the way back—are the Communists themselves. Apart from such items, the only proof of the Great Breach consists of deductions from abstract geopolitical notions of what "must" develop in the relation between an expanding Russia and an expanding China. These deductions are probably correct, but only for a very long future that is largely irrelevant to the decades within which Western survival will be settled.

China is not a mere puppet of Russia, like Bulgaria or Albania, but a junior ally. There are indeed clashes of interest between China and Russia—some of which we could exploit to our advantage. But as against the West, there is no international breach between the two, nor will there be within the useable future. Peiping and Moscow function as two non-identical but complementary arms of the single anti-Western world revolution. They will not, and indeed they cannot, try to cut each others' throats until they have finished cutting ours.

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On Analyzing Keynes

A book by Keynes, a brilliant economic poet, swept the Western world despite misstatements, falsifications and errors. How come?

HENRY HAZLITT

When John Maynard Keynes' book, *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money,* appeared in 1936, I began to read it with the idea of reviewing it or discussing it in editorials. But I soon lost heart at the prospect of being able to summarize it or criticize it in any brief form. Nearly every other sentence seemed at a first reading to be either obscure or frivolous, either clearly fallacious or downright unintelligible. So I hurried through the rest of the volume and then laid it aside.

The neglect seemed justified at the time. Even a present avowed admirer if not disciple of Keynes, Professor Paul A. Samuelson of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, whose textbook on economics is today the most widely used in American universities, confesses that his "own first reaction to the *General Theory* was not at all like Keats' on first looking into Chapman's Homer. . . . My rebellion against its pretensions would have been complete except for an uneasy realization that I did not at all understand what it was about. And . . . no one else in Cambridge, Massachusetts, really knew what it was about for 12 to 18 months after its publication. Indeed . . . there is reason to believe that Keynes himself did not truly understand his own analysis."

I had, after all, read most of Keynes' previous books, beginning with his *Economic Consequences of the Peace* in 1920, and had either reviewed them or written articles which discussed them. I was as willing as anybody to acknowledge his merits as a stylist and phrasemaker, when he was really trying to be clear, but I had come to have a deep distrust of his mental processes —of his sincerity, his earnestness, his intellectual stability, his desire to penetrate to the truth rather than to be admired as a wit or a heretic and "originator." His *Economic Consequences of the Peace,* in particular, had been full of brilliant phrases and wrong assumptions; so had his *Monetary Reform* (1924) and his *Treatise on Money* (1930). And the *General Theory* differed from these chiefly in being full of obscurities and still more unorthodox. The early reviews that appeared, by Jacob Viner, Frank H. Knight, Étienne Mantoux, pointed out some of its major shortcomings, and the probability seemed high that it would soon be dismissed and forgotten.

Pleased Pressure Groups

But Keynes' "new" theory, it soon became evident, supplied a rationale that exactly fitted the needs of a powerful set of pressure groups. To the labor union bosses, and the politicians who curried favor with them, it furnished support for the contention that under no circumstances should money wage rates be reduced, but that, on the contrary, they should be increased still more to "increase purchasing power" and hence prosperity and "full employment." To the majority of politicians, always eager to buy votes by offering subsidies to special groups, always eager to increase spending, and always eager to solve every economic problem by inflation that continuously raised prices to make higher wage rates payable, Keynes' book provided exactly the academic authority they were looking for. It did not matter that the arguments Keynes had put forward for this course were for the most part obscure and hard to follow; or that they were often expressed in algebraic formulas beyond the comprehension of the laity. This made it all the better; for the arguments could not be easily attacked. As Professor Samuelson put it triumphantly: "It bears repeating that the *General Theory* is an obscure book so that would-be anti-Keynesians must assume their position largely on credit."

One might have expected that the academic community, at least, would be free from these political pressures, and that their ideals of scholarship and independence would lead them to respect the warning of Keynes' old teacher, Alfred Marshall: "Students of social science must fear popular approval; evil is with them when all men speak well of them. . . . It is almost impossible for a student to be a true patriot and to have the reputation of being one at the same time." On the contrary, the academic community began itself to court popularity—with its students, with labor union bosses, with the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations. In brief, the professors of economics became politicians—at the same time writing and talking as if they were in a minority, as if they were the "nonconformists." Were they not, along with Keynes, fighting economic "orthodoxy?" Were they not themselves economic heretics, almost martyrs? In any case, they flattered themselves that they knew how to recognize a "revolution" in economic thought when they saw one, and how to keep up with it.

> Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very heaven!

wrote Professor Samuelson, quoting Wordsworth. For it seemed that not everybody was capable of grasping the new doctrine. Economists under 35 could do so—in fact, could hardly escape catching the disease; but those beyond 50 were "quite immune." And Professor Samuelson confesses that even he himself could not grasp it for the first year!

And so an academic Keynesian literature began to build up, like an

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immense coral reef, in the learned professional journals and in the textbooks, until it practically monopolized the field. Keynes was hailed again and again as the peer or superior of Adam Smith, Ricardo or Karl Marx. "It may be a little too early to claim," wrote Professor Alvin H. Hansen of Harvard in 1953, "that, along with Darwin's *Origin of Species* or Karl Marx's *Das Kapital,* the *General Theory* is one of the most significant books which have appeared in the last hundred years. . . . But . . . it continues to gain in importance."

Tide Sweeps On

As the Keynesian books and articles continued to pour out, competing with each other in extravagance, I kept waiting for the ideological tide to turn. But so, apparently, did the other non-Keynesians. They seemed for the most part content to answer the Keynesian fallacies in short articles or in a few parenthetic pages. And the one or two exceptions, such as Arthur Marget's monumental two-volumed *Theory of Prices* (1938 and 1942), and Albert Hahn's *Economics of Illusion* (1949), for various reasons passed practically unnoticed by the growing army of Keynesian zealots.

I decided that a small compact book, calling attention to the major fallacies of the *General Theory* (and of the "New Economics" for which it served as the Bible), would be useful. But when I began to study the *General Theory* with this in mind, I was astonished at how many fallacies, inconsistencies, contradictions and misstatements of fact there were to uncover. I seemed to find them on every page, and sometimes a whole complex set in a single sentence, like one Chinese box inside another. The problem I then faced was whether, for the sake of brevity, to ignore most of these fallacies and contradictions and to concentrate only on the "major" ones, or whether, for the sake of thoroughness, to analyze each of them successively as I came to it. I decided, in view of the amazing prevalence of the philosophy represented by the *General Theory,* on the latter course; but the task eventually carried me to a book of 458 pages.

It is not possible, of course, adequately to summarize my criticisms here, and particularly not to state the arguments for them. But it is possible to state a few of them and to indicate their general nature.

Tissue of Fallacies

I do not think we can point to any one "central" fallacy in Keynes upon which all the others depend, or of which they are all corollaries. The book is not that logical or consistent. It is a succession, rather, of a whole series of major fallacies which are intended to support each other. A new one is brought forward at each point where its predecessors seem unconvincing or insufficient.

But perhaps it is best to begin with a statement of what can *not* be found in the *General Theory.* In spite of the incredible reputation of the book, I could not find in it a single important doctrine that was both true and original. What is original in the book is not true; and what is true is not original. In fact, even most of the major errors in the book are not original, but can be found in a score of previous writers.

On the negative side, the book seems mainly designed to prove that excessive money wage rates are *not* the major cause (or even *a* cause) of unemployment, and that reductions of such wage rates to marginal-productivity levels will not restore employment. In denying this proposition, it may be pointed out, Keynes is denying what is the most solidly established of all economic doctrines —to wit, if any commodity or service is overpriced, some of that commodity will remain unused or unsold: supply will exceed demand; whereas if it is underpriced, a "shortage" will develop; demand will exceed supply.

Yet is is hard to find any place in the *General Theory* where the argument against this proposition is clearly and directly stated. Keynes seems to admit it freely enough when it is applied to commodities; but he makes "labor" an exception. (He even, on occasion, lefthandedly admits it about labor itself, as on pages 264 and 265). But Keynes' argument on this point is usually oblique and obscure, and seems constantly to shift.

One form of his argument is that the labor unions just won't accept a cut in money-wages, and therefore something else must be done. This something else is monetary inflation, which will raise prices. Keynes contends, in other words, that labor unions will not accept a cut in money wage rates but will accept a cut in "real" wage rates. This factual contention, even if it may once have contained a germ of truth, has long been outdated. The major American labor unions today all have their "economists" and "directors of research" who are keenly aware of index numbers of consumer prices and insist that wage rates must at least keep pace with these. But even if this were not so, Keynes' contention would be irrelevant to the "orthodox" doctrine that wage rates in excess of the "equilibrium" point (*i.e.,* of the marginal productivity of labor) will cause unemployment. In fact, Keynes' argument tacitly admits that at least *real* wage rates must be at equilibrium levels if "full employment" is to be achieved.

It is impossible to make sense of the specific arguments that Keynes puts forward to deny the classical doctrine. He contends that if any adjustment were made of wage rates to prices it would have to be a uniform, *en bloc* adjustment, "a simultaneous and equal reduction in all industries," such as is possible only in a totalitarian economy, or it could not work; and even if it did it would be terribly "unjust." This assumes, of course, that the *previous* interrelationship of wages and prices must have been precisely what it ought to have been! Keynes even puts forward the hysterical argument that if once wage rates were lowered to adjust them to lower prices and demand they might "fall without limit."

One of the sources of Keynes' errors on this subject is his failure to distinguish, most of the time, between (weekly, daily or hourly) wage *rates* and total wage *payments,* (*i.e.,* total payrolls or total wage income). This is because he habitually uses the ambiguous word "wages" to describe either or both. This in turn leads him tacitly to assume that a reduction in wage rates means a corresponding reduction in wage payments, and hence "reduces purchasing power" and "effective de-

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mand" and leads to a descending spiral without limit. But the classical contention is simply that those wage rates that are above the equilibrium level should be reduced to that level in order to restore employment and to *increase* and *maximize* total wage payments.

Another repeated fallacy of Keynes in his discussion of wages is to talk constantly of something he calls "an equilibrium with unemployment." But this is simply a misuse of the term "equilibrium." What Keynes is really talking about is a *frozen* situation, a frozen *dis*equilibrium with unemployment. An "equilibrium with less than full employment" is a contradiction in terms.

Keynes tried to refute Say's Law. All Keynesians think that he did so; and many of them think that this

***LORD KEYNES:* ". . . *[his] unintelligibility was assumed to be a mark of profundity.*"**

was his "greatest achievement" and his chief "title to fame." Say's Law (originally put forward by Jean-Baptiste Say, 1767-1832), may be most briefly described as the doctrine that supply creates its own demand. But as elaborated by the classical economists—Ricardo, James Mill and John Stuart Mill—this was stated merely as an ultimate truth, true only under what today would be called conditions of equilibrium. It was designed to point out chiefly that a *general* overproduction of *all* commodities is not possible. It was never anything so foolish as a contention that money is never hoarded or that depressions are impossible. Keynes "refuted" Say's Law only in in a sense in which no serious economist ever maintained it.

Keynes is hailed by his admirers almost as if he alone had discovered the important role of "expectations" in economics. The truth is that he did not sufficiently recognize that role. He saw that expectations affected current output and employment, but seemed to forget that they are also embodied in every current price, interest rate, and wage rate. It is partly because he underrated the central importance of expectations that he denounced "liquidity preference" and "speculation." He failed to see that speculative anticipations and risks are necessarily involved in all economic activity, and that somebody must bear these risks.

Disparaged Saving

Keynes' discussion of the relation of "savings" and "investment" is too confused to be summarized. He alternated constantly between two mutually contradictory contentions: 1) that saving and investment are "necessarily equal" and "merely different aspects of the same thing," and 2) that saving not only *can* exceed investment but *chronically* tends to do so, and hence brings on deflation.

What we can accurately say about this relationship depends partly, of course, on the particular definitions we choose to give to each of these terms. But, assuming the appropriate definitions, I should contend that, under the assumption of a constant money supply, saving and investment are necessarily at all times equal. When investment exceeds *prior* genuine saving, it is because new money and supply has meanwhile contracted. In other words, it is not, generally speaking, an excess of saving over subsequent investment that *causes* deflation, but deflation that causes the deficiency in subsequent investment. An excess of saving over (subsequent) investment is but another way of describing deflation, and an excess of investment over (prior) saving is but another way of describing inflation—or of saying that it has meanwhile occurred.

Keynes' disparagement of saving in the *General Theory* was not new with him. He had deplored or ridiculed saving for the whole of his writing life, beginning with *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* in 1920. The disparagement came from his failure to understand the nature and function of saving. "Economic growth," higher real wages and living standards, are possible only through new capital formation. And production and saving are both indispensable to the formation of capital.

This is what Keynes tended constantly to overlook. He persistently regarded saving as something merely negative, a mere non-spending, forgetting that it was the inescapable first half of the completed positive act of investment. He could have learned this if he had ever seriously studied Boehm-Bawerk (1851-1914) who had pointed it out years before that: "To complete the act of forming capital it is of course necessary to complement the negative factor of saving with the positive factor of devoting the thing saved to a productive service. . . . [But] saving is an indispensable condition to the formation of capital." And the rate of true "economic growth" is in effect the rate of capital formation.

What Keynes failed to recognize was that, normally, to save is to spend: but to spend on capital goods rather than on consumer goods. And even if, in abnormal situations, saving takes merely the form of monetary hoarding, it does not lead to unemployment, as Keynes supposed, *unless wages (or prices) are inflexible in the downward direction.* Otherwise, the result would be merely the continuance of the same volume of output and employment at lower prices and wages.

"Insurpassable Naiveté"

But Keynes had no adequate theory of either capital or interest. He seemed in this field to get everything upside down. He thought that interest was a purely monetary phenomenon, the "reward" that had to be offered to the holders of money to induce them to "part" with their "liquidity."" Years before Keynes announced this doctrine it was already very old, and Ludwig von Mises had rightly dismissed it as a view of "insurpassable naiveté."

Keynes' theory of interest was, indeed, what Irving Fisher, and before him Boehm-Bawerk, had labeled the Exploitation Theory—the theory that to take interest is, necessarily and always, to take advantage of the

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debtor; the theory that there ought not to be any interest at all. One form of this theory was developed by the socialists of the nineteenth century, notably Proudhon, Rodbertus and Marx, but in its most naive form it goes back to the Middle Ages, and, indeed, to ancient Rome.

Failure of Policies

It is hardly necessary to add that, as a result of all these theoretical misconceptions, Keynes' recommendations for practical policy were all unsound. He wanted government control and direction of investment —a proposal which, if taken seriously, would lead to full socialism and a totalitarian state. His ideas of creating employment by budget deficits and continuous cheap money policies —*i.e.*, by continuous inflation—got a thorough tryout in both Great Britain and the United States. In Britain they were dramatically and successfully repudiated in 1957, when the Bank of England discount rate was raised to 7 per cent. In the U.S. they failed miserably, in the whole period from 1930 to 1940, to achieve the goal of eliminating mass unemployment.

But here the Keynesian philosophy is still dominant. Keynesian policies are still the policies of most of our politicians and bureaucrats. At the first sign of recession, they begin to demand increased "public works," increased government spending—whatever will create deficits that in turn will lead to the creation of more paper money. If there is unemployment in any line, or in many, no politician is ever heard to suggest that it might be because wage rates have been forced up too high in those lines and ought to be reduced to levels that would encourage re-employment. The demand is solely that the government spend still more to create more jobs. This demand is, in effect, a demand for more inflation. At every emergence of unemployment, a functioning relationship is to be restored between wages and prices not by readjusting downward the wage rates of relatively small groups of workers, but by pushing up still further the prices that must be paid by everybody. As Jacob Viner succinctly predicted in a review in 1936, when the *General Theory* appeared, Keynes' prescription would lead to "a constant race between the printing press and the business agents of the trade unions." That race has been going on for two decades. It is still going on. And in the foreseeable future it seems more likely to accelerate than to come to a stop.

Behind the triumph of the Keynesian philosophy and nostrums lies an intellectual mystery. How did it happen that a book so full of obscurities, contradictions, confusions and misstatements was hailed as one of the great works of the twentieth century, and its author as a master economist? Perhaps no complete answer is possible; but it is not difficult to point to some of the elements in such an answer.

I have already pointed out that the Keynesian philosophy seemed to supply a new and more impressive rationale not only for the traditional contention of labor leaders that money wage rates should constantly be raised and under no circumstances reduced, but for the immemorial political recourse of monetary inflation. But other factors were no less important. Keynes' reputation as a great economist rested from the beginning on his purely *literary* brilliance. Surely a man who could write (in 1919) that Lloyd George found to his horror that "it was harder to de-bamboozle this old Presbyterian [Wilson] than it had been to bamboozle him" must be a very clever dog. If he ridiculed the stodgy old orthodox economists it must be he who was right. Literary men judge specialists by their literary qualities; and among these grace and wit rank higher than rigorous reasoning or a thorough and accurate knowledge of subject matter.

Yet even this hardly seems to apply to the *General Theory,* which in the main is one of the most obscure, awkward and circumlocutory economic books ever written. But here another element enters. Just as with some of the works of Hegel and Marx, the very mystification added to the book's prestige. Unintelligibility was assumed to be a mark of profundity. One secret of the success of the *General Theory* was its technique of obscure arguments followed by clear and triumphant conclusions.

The Stigma of "Orthodoxy"

But there was probably an even more important factor. Keynes had announced in his preface that the composition of the *General Theory* had been "a long struggle of escape . . . from habitual modes of thought and expression." He tauntingly predicted that "those who are strongly wedded to what I shall call 'the classical theory' will fluctuate . . . between a belief that I am quite wrong and a belief that I am saying nothing new." This undoubtedly intimidated many economists, whose greatest dread was to be regarded as "orthodox" and "wedded" to old ideas. As Frank H. Knight put it: "Our civilization today, being essentially romantic, loves and extols heretics quite as much as its direct antecedent a few centuries back hated and feared them. The demand for heresy is always in excess of the supply and its production is always a properous business." And the irony was that this heresy in turn became the intellectual fashion, which academic economists could ignore only at the cost of being themselves ignored, or challenge only at the cost of losing status or some coveted appointment.

But whatever the full explanation of the Keynesian cult, its existence is one of the great intellectual scandals of our age.

The New Economics

Let's all get on the government payroll.

What's that? Did someone say it wouldn't work? Why not?

There wouldn't be anyone to pay taxes?

Well, let the government pay the taxes.

The government wouldn't have any money if nobody paid taxes?

That is bad.

Well, let the government borrow the money to pay taxes. Nothing to worry about. Remember, we owe it to ourselves.

P. C. BEEZELEY

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The Capture of Pomona College

A very recent graduate relates what happened on a campus far-gone in Liberalism; how faculty and administration outwitted trustees and alumni

ALLAN H. RYSKIND

When you tell the average Easterner you're an alumnus of Pomona, he will probably flash a polite but patronizing smile, as he suddenly envisions some institution out of Ozark County. But tell the same thing to a Californian, and you can watch yourself grow taller in his eyes: for Pomona College has a distinguished record of scholastic achievement. It takes good, solid grades to enter, and its degrees are not won by courses in finger-painting or banjo-plucking. Indeed, its academic reputation is such that it is affectionately known as the Oxford of Southern California's Orange Belt.

It has another reputation, too: that of being wholeheartedly devoted to the American free enterprise system, and among its trustees are some hard-headed, self-made businessmen. Small wonder that many Western—and not a few Eastern—conservatives, disturbed by the collectivist trend in so many institutions of higher learning, make every effort to enroll their sons at Pomona.

The college itself is something of a rugged individualist, having come up in Horatio Alger fashion. Sired by an early Congregationalist settler who wished to see a "Christian College of the New England type," it was born in a humble, rented house in the City of Pomona in 1887. When just over a year old — an ambitious child — the college was already determined to have a home of its own. It moved a few miles north to an unfinished hotel in the sleepy town of Claremont, where retired business folk are soothingly lulled to sleep by the pleasant chugging of that arch-symbol of capitalism, the nearby Santa Fe Railroad. Here, where the college now permanently resides, the first class was graduated in 1894. Total number of students: 47.

No longer a struggling young institution striving to make good, today Pomona reminds one of a portly capitalist of the Herblock variety. Since moving north of the Santa Fe tracks, it has accumulated some 24 million dollars in assets amounting to a fat $20,000 per pupil, 120 acres of property, half of which are covered by lush green parks and gardens, and 31 buildings.

A few years ago, in an exhaustive study made by the *Chicago Tribune*, Pomona was ranked with Harvard and Yale as one of the best liberal arts colleges in the nation. It has been so successful that four other colleges, drawn into its orbit, now cluster about Claremont. In short, Pomona seems to be one of America's finest products. And, like much of the rest of America, it is rapidly going down the drain.

Threads of Decay

Pomona recently agreed to hire teachers fired from the University of California because they felt it beneath their dignity to take a loyalty oath to the United States. A professor of religion found the Rosenbergs' execution analogous to Jesus' crucifixion; the English Department began assigning political essays attacking Communist investigations; a History professor compared McCarthyism to the early days of Nazism; the Journalism class sponsored the showing of the Edward R. Murrow film launching the crash program to rehabilitate J. Robert Oppenheimer and discredit the internal security system; and the Channing Club, responding to the call of Unitarian duty, invited the notorious Fifth Amendment minister Stephen Fritchman and the fellow-traveling Dr. Linus Pauling—but nary a conservative—to speak before its organization.

But perhaps the worst signs of ruin visible during my undergraduate days—and since—were in the Government Department. Of course, there were the usual slanted texts. There was Snyder and Wilson's *Roots of Political Behavior,* which equates Henry Wallace with John Locke, compares the Committee on Un-American Activities with the Ku Klux Klan, alleges that Ford and du Pont use Hitlerian propaganda techniques, and claims that free enterprise is an "empty phrase" used largely for the "protection of monopolies"; there was Burns and Peltason's *Government by the People,* which is sprinkled liberally (how else?) with cartoons by the aforementioned Herblock and declares that socialism has "dramatically" improved England's coal industry (a claim emphatically denied even by an ex-Socialist Production Director of the British National Coal Board).

Leslie Lipson's *Great Issues of Politics* told us we need increased centralization of government and further redistribution of the wealth. We read *International Politics,* a text apologizing for Red China by that inveterate Communist-fronter, Frederick L. Schuman; Clinton Rossiter's *The American Presidency,* which claims that history will find Franklin Roosevelt ". . . left the Presidency a more splendid instrument of democracy that he found it"; Vera Micheles Dean's *The Nature of the Non-Western World,* which attributes Turkey's recent economic decline to private enterprise and insists that Asians found it ". . . difficult to make a clear-cut choice between the authoritarian regime of Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa, with its secret police, its arbitrary executions, and its suppression of criticism, and the totalitarianism of the Communist regime on the mainland."

Inside and outside the classrooms the government professors were calling for more equality of incomes, damning Communist investigations,

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denouncing William Knowland as the "Senator from Formosa," attacking the Amendment limiting the President to two terms, and persuading pupils that recognition of Red China was a nostrum for the world's ills.

Dr. Vieg's Objectivity

The head of this curious Government Department is the kindly, fatherly, white-haired Dr. John A. Vieg. Dr. Vieg told me recently that the texts and teachers in his department are not biased and gave the same objective testimony about himself. Yet this is how he pursues his kind of truth and impartiality:

1. Dr. Vieg controls the purse-strings of the Falk Foundation grant, to be spent in acquainting students with both the Democrats and the Republicans. He has accomplished this by setting up a Young Republican and Young Democratic rally once a year with appropriate speakers for each. He scheduled the chief speaker for the first Young Republican rally at precisely the same time as one of Pomona's big football games. The Democratic rally that year had no such counter-attraction.

2. Dr. Vieg—again with Falk funds—has purchased reference books for the department; all of those he showed me were Liberal in their point of view. The one book he sincerely felt should disprove the charge of bias was *A Republican Looks at His Party,* by Arthur Larson, who is so fond of the New Deal he claims the Republicans invented it!

3. On the subject of McCarthy, the Doctor's stand is clear. One of his final examination questions asked: "Consider the damage done to the Government by McCarthyism and write a letter to the President suggesting what he could and should do about it." There is no record of any student flunking *this* question. And Dr. Vieg—again with Falk money—purchased "The Investigator," a record ridiculing McCarthy, which he delightedly played for his students in class.

4. Finally, Dr. Vieg dismisses the opinions of such conservatives as Henry Hazlitt, William Henry Chamberlin and Dean Russell as unworthy of being seriously considered in the classrooms—anyway, they aren't.

Thus Dr. Vieg's objectivity.

But the shenanigans of Dr. Vieg and his all-Liberal band of professors finally rallied some wrathful trustees 'round the conservative flag. These reactionaries had the audacity to believe a trustee was actually put in a position of *trust* and should be concerned about what was being taught. By the fall of '56 these men felt the time had come to junk coexistence and declare war on the department.

The trustees, however, were faced with the following hard facts. Dr. Vieg had tenure, and no one wished to dismiss any of the other government teachers because of political beliefs. But they did wring a reluctant promise from the college's Liberal president, E. Wilson Lyon, that he would attempt to "balance" the views in the department by appointing a conservative Republican when a vacancy occurred. The vacancy did occur in 1957. Dr. Vieg, under pressure from the trustees, went hunting for the "balancer" and came back with young collegiate Houston I. Flournoy, who sported a Ph.D. from Princeton and had been legislative assistant to Senator H. Alexander Smith (Rep., N. J.). The head of the trustees' Academic Affairs Committee, which confirms all teacher appointments, soothed flustered conservatives by assuring them the department would now have a sound free-enterpriser.

But there was a fly in the appointment. Charles Ervin, two jumps ahead of me at Pomona, had known Flournoy well in Washington. He told me that Flournoy, nominally a Republican, felt he couldn't live in a Party with Jenner, Malone, McCarthy, Goldwater and Knowland (but could, apparently, teach for Vieg). Flournoy had also enthusiastically helped Smith try to push through the monstrous Federal Aid to Education bill. "And he was for it," says Ervin, "because it would be a good weapon to break down the autonomy of the states."

Ervin thereafter wrote a letter to both Lyon and Vieg protesting that although he liked Flournoy personally, the latter was hardly the man to balance the total Liberal slant of the Government Department. Up to now—two years later—Ervin tells me he has not received a reply. (Next time he had better enclose a stamped envelope.)

The conservatives, however, made one last stand. Emboldened by a former student's detailed report indicting the Government Department for slanted texts and ineffective teaching, by results of questionnaires sent to students who indicated they were dissatisfied with the department, and by outside pressure from a host of alumni, the conservatives on the trustees' Academic Affairs Committee were able to force an investigation of the department for the 1957-58 school year.

The Three Wise Men

Three "disinterested educators in the field of government" were selected by the Academic Affairs Committee to do the investigating. They were Carl B. Swisher, Johns Hopkins; Charles H. Titus, UCLA; and Harold R. Bruce, Dartmouth. The visitors came to the campus for a week in early November and submitted their report on December 1, 1957. The report begins by stating their instructions had been to find out how good the department was in comparison with other schools, to discover the "balance of points of view represented by different members of the department," and to probe "any political slanting of teaching and textbooks." The three wise men, after analyzing their findings, gave the Government Department a clean bill of health.

The conservatives were staggered. Here was a committee—which was their idea, which they had helped set up, and whose members they had approved—that now claimed that the charges made against the department had no substance. The members of the visiting committee even hinted the attacks had been delivered by wild-eyed youngsters and malcontented trustees who were, of course, threatening Academic Freedom at Pomona.

The investigators stated: "Certain recent incidents and controversies in this area of academic freedom have been brought to our attention, but it is our belief that these have now been resolved and that no profit would result from dwelling further upon them." Dwell *further*? The committee doesn't dwell upon them at *all*.

(*Continued on page* 471)

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Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

The Politics of "The Impossible"

POLITICS has been called "the art of the possible." Interpreted literally, this is of course a truism. All human arts are arts of the possible; the impossible is by definition that which cannot be achieved.

But that is neither the intended meaning of the apothegm nor is it the sense in which it is currently employed. Produced with a triumphant flourish as a final argument against anyone who refuses to accept the present structure of society and the limits of accepted political opinion, it means in reality: "Politics is the art of operating within fixed and determined conditions set by established power. So forget about fundamental principle when it clashes with accepted shibboleths, if you want to be politically effective."

And indeed such a definition of politics as a practical matter would be true at most times and places. When the social order is stable and firm and when an accepted hierarchy of beliefs unites men of all stations of life and of all parties upon fundamental ends, then in the pulling and tugging of political activity towards one emphasis or another within the common agreement upon ends, that definition of politics will hold.

But this is not our situation. We live in a social order uncertain, affrighted, and cut loose from all fixed standards.

We are uncertain before the multifarious signs of social decline: civil peace deeply disturbed by manifold and spiralling crime, largely the actions of the young; family security shattered by the institutionalization of divorce; economic sobriety, personal and familial prudence, mocked at by crushing taxation and a governmental policy of progressive inflation.

We are terrified to the point of constant retreat and shameful appeasement by a foreign enemy, whose only superior weapons are our confusions, our hesitations, and our lack of belief in anything for which we are willing to dare the risk of death.

We are cut loose from all fixed standards and deeply held beliefs, in the train of forty years of violent revolution abroad and insidious revolution at home, of catastrophic wars, of philosophical and technological innovations with social results eating to the very heart of the inherited way of life of the nation.

WHAT IS patently wrong is not this or that incorrect emphasis, this or that badly conceived policy, but the entire concept of the ends accepted by those in power. In such circumstances an approach to politics which for practical purposes might be reasonably adequate in normal times becomes hopelessly inadequate. "The possible" can only mean a little more or a little less of the same. Politics, if it is to have meaning beyond an empty game, must be conceived in terms of an older and deeper vision, as an art based upon philosophical principle and devoted to the achievement in the body politic of the conditions of freedom.

It must be an art which, in terms of the accepted norms of a rotten society, is the art of the impossible. It must take as its standards concepts founded in truth and in the tradition of the West, but scorned today by the enlightened: the responsibility of individual men for themselves, their family and their future; the moral evil (not the "sickness") of the criminal; the moral excellence of patriotism; the shame of paternalism and the deep danger of government that amasses power beyond its natural limits.

By prevailing contemporary judgment, a politics based upon such principles is a politics of the impossible. This is the burden of books, articles, book reviews, devoted to criticism of principled conservative opinion — as much in the scholarly as in the more popular press. So intellectually bankrupt is Liberalism today that by and large it no longer tries to come to grips with conservative theory, but, glorying in its position of power, is contented to characterize its opponents as "impossibilists."

UNFORTUNATELY, however, it is not only Liberals who maintain the doctrine of "the possible." Some conservatives, men who by their instincts and deeper intellectual understanding recognize the evils of existing circumstances, nevertheless are hypnotized by the doctrine of "the possible"; and waste their energies attempting to square the circle, to achieve conservative ends while accepting Liberal conditions.

But a politics directed towards decent ends manifestly cannot limit itself to what is "possible" under conditions dictated by the Liberal worldview. How can our country and Western civilization be defended from an aggressively messianic enemy if "war is unthinkable"; how can a free economy be restored, if, to paraphrase the words of Mr. Eisenhower, a reversal of the Roosevelt revolution is equally unthinkable? Or, on an instrumental level, how conduct a politics of conservatism tied to the present leadership of a party that accepts (as the Percy reports amply prove) the fundamental principles of Liberalism, a party which presents as its choice of spokesmen a Janus-faced political operator or a demagogic blintz-eating scion of the New Deal? Or, on a deeper level, how develop a true understanding of the nature of man and his destiny without taking an intellectual stand "impossibly" in revolt against the triple doctrines upon which Liberal orthodoxy is founded: the historical materialism derived from Karl Marx, the amorality derived from Sigmund Freud, and the philosophical and moral nihilism derived from John Dewey?

Paradoxically, only that which in the light of contemporary opinion is impossible is possible for the conservative. The role of radical is temperamentally alien to the conservative, but in the circumstances of Liberal domination under which we live, that role is demanded of him. Truth and the traditions of the West cannot seriously be defended without defiance of the doctrines presently authoritative, without philosophical and political defiance of the legend of "the possible."

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Off the Beach at Waikiki

Among the hymns of thanksgiving rising to Heaven since Hawaii became a state has been a joyous cry that Hawaii, with its university, will be the intellectual meeting-ground of East and West, refuting Kipling; and that students from the Gorgeous East there will be edified by American culture. No doubt. The University of Hawaii is preparing for her glorious role of culture-blender by being the first institution of higher learning, in the history of the world, to offer a credit course in surfboard riding (HPE 119, University of Hawaii Catalogue.)

Mr. Bob Krauss, of the Honolulu *Advertiser*, recently attended the first class session, at the University's summer school, along with "over two hundred students, mostly co-eds in pony tails and beach sandals." Only thirty of these were enrolled for credit, however, because "surfing instruction on the college level is still in the experimental stage." The instructor, Mr. Don Gustuson, promised that "next year we'll add more sections. Meanwhile, those of you who aren't in the class can take private lessons at a discount." The first week of the course is devoted to paddling in the University's swimming pool, in preparation for the ocean. Then successive weeks will be spent in learning how to find the best places to surf, catching a wave, standing on the board, and surfing tandem. Class work will be graded thus: fifty points for achievement in actual surfing, ten for term paper, twenty for examinations, and twenty for effort, attitude and attendance. Oxbridge was never like this, nor yet the Sorbonne. We Americans have the know-how.

A crew of Waikiki Beach Boys—rejoicing in such names as Panama, Rabbit and Blackout—will be assistant instructors, at $1.50 per hour. (Why doesn't our anti-intellectual society pay its university instructors more?) They are to be examined, before entering the faculty, for "competence, good morals and teaching ability."

So there! The nasty old Russians may have their silly missiles, but we've got our Aquaculture. How could we better spend public funds for education than on fun and games? Hawaii calls, and the satrapy of Mr. Harry Bridges splashes happily into the atomic age. Put up your hair in a pony tail, little Hindu or Chinese, and buy yourself a pair of tabis—sandals, to the vulgar. You're going to be assimilated to American Culture as she is swum.

I certainly do not wish to give the impression, however, that American educators think only of surfboard-riding. No, indeed. Several of them think of other things—eating, for instance. Some months ago there met in Milwaukee the fiftieth anniversary convention of the American Home Economics Association. An eminent home economist, Mrs. Jean S. Taylor, asked the Association to "demand a year of home economics training in senior high school for every pupil." That includes boys, understand. "Just deciding what to eat," Mrs. Taylor went on, "is a complicated job mentally." (This writer, as some unkind persons have suggested, must be subnormal, since he usually eats what is set before him without an agonizing reappraisal, a pig in the sty of Epicurus.) The need for this program is urgent, according to Mrs. Taylor, "a must in view of the fact that there has been a 33 per cent increase in early marriages since 1940." (The only trouble with teen-age marriages, you know, is the diet of hamburgers and French fries.) Mrs. Taylor isn't anti-intellectual, but she knows what kind of thinking requires intensive training, and that's thinking of what to have for supper. Although the menu may lack variety at Vorkuta, perhaps this homemaking training would be a good thing for a lot of us, after all. Who gives a tinker's damn for required English or history or physics in senior high school? First things first: and the shortest way to a commissar's heart is through his belly.

But aren't our official accrediting agencies and great colleges of education doing anything to improve American intellectual standards? Why, bless their hearts, naturally they are. The Bureau of School Services of the College of Education of the University of Michigan, for instance, has sent out its emissaries to warn Michigan high schools that if they dare to economize at the expense of modern education—that is, at the expense of woodshop, home economics, band, and organized play—they will be stricken off the list of approved institutions. We're not going to let any of those rubes put the three R's back into the curriculum—not in this glorious progressive state.

The Capac community school, for instance, has had to cut expenses because the reactionary taxpayers don't appreciate Enrichment of the Curriculum. So, reluctantly, the Capac school board has decreed half-day sessions for first-graders, elimination of shop and art classes and of basketball and football. One class in homemaking and one in agriculture will be dropped. As an afterthought, and with less pain, no new books will be bought for the library, and no textbooks replaced. The anguished Capac school board announced that probably it will be disaccredited by the University's Bureau of School Services—because they tried to make these same economies two years ago, but the Bureau thundered that shop and homemaking and the rest were Basic, and no student who couldn't run a lathe or bake a pie was ready for the University of Michigan.

That's the old American virility! When those Russian missile-launching submarines surface off Waikiki, gentlemen, we'll be ready to meet them on our surfboards. And when our friends of the Politburo assume the administration of Dynamic Detroit, Arsenal of Democracy, we'll greet them with our people-to-people homemaking projects. We knowed they was coming, and we baked a cake. Aloha.

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Source of American Caesarism

WILLMOORE KENDALL

Harry V. Jaffa's *Crisis of the House Divided* (Doubleday, $6.50) is: 1) a political history of the United States through the years preceding the Civil War; 2) an analysis of the political thought of the spokesmen (Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas) for two of the alternative courses proposed during those years; and 3) a creative venture in political philosophy that—unless the United States be as sick intellectually as some of us believe it to be—will provoke the most profound and far-reaching debate of our generation about American politics.

Some of the book's readers (who this reviewer hopes will be legion) will no doubt wish that Jaffa had written his three books one at a time. Like Bergson, he is a subtle and seductive teacher of philosophy who, however, makes great intellectual demands upon his pupils. But what Jaffa proves, if he does not prove anything else, is that political history is inseparable from the history of political philosophy, and that neither can be grasped by the man who is not a political philosopher in his own right.

The man who refutes Jaffa's controversial theses (which *are* legion) will have to bring to his task all the skills Jaffa shows himself to possess, and to possess beyond any member of his generation whom I have encountered on the printed page: the skills of the historian with an encyclopedic grasp of his materials, of the all-seeing textual analyst, of the creative political philosopher, and of the literary artist who has mastered the nuances and rhythms of the rich and beautiful language bequeathed to us by Milton, Shakespeare, Burke—*and* Abraham Lincoln. (Of Lincoln's right to be mentioned in this context Jaffa leaves this reader—the Gettysburg address, incidentally, entirely apart—in no doubt at all.)

The central problem of *Crisis of the House Divided* is the status in the American political tradition of the "all men are created equal" clause of the Declaration of Independence. For Jaffa this is the same problem as the status of Abraham Lincoln *vis-à-vis* the Signers of the Declaration and the Framers of the Constitution; which, again, is the same problem as that of the very possibility of self-government, that is, of democracy, as a realistic political alternative. These three problems, Jaffa brilliantly demonstrates, were Abraham Lincoln's own deepest preoccupations from the earliest moments of his career—preoccupations, moreover, with which he wrestled not as the smart political strategist of recent Lincoln historiography (though Jaffa is willing for us to think of Lincoln as that too), but as a political philosopher of the first order of importance.

As for the "all men are created equal" clause, Jaffa's Lincoln (and Jaffa) sees it as the indispensable presupposition of the entire American political experience; either you accept it as *the* standard which that experience necessarily takes as its point of departure, or you deny the meaning of the entire American experience. As for the status of Abraham Lincoln *vis-à-vis* the Signers and Framers, Jaffa's Lincoln sees the great task of the nineteenth century as that of affirming the cherished accomplishment of the Fathers by *transcending* it. Concretely, this means to construe the equality clause as having an allegedly unavoidable meaning with which it was always pregnant, but which the Fathers apprehended only dimly. As for the possibility of self-government, Jaffa's Lincoln sees it as turning on the questions: What can be done about the Caesarist potential in the system elaborated by the Framers? What can be done to prevent the *passions* of a self-governing people from, in the long run, taking over from their *reason,* so that it ignores the duties correlative to the rights self-government is intended to secure?

Jaffa's Lincoln (and Jaffa) has a crystal-clear answer to these questions: Caesarism can be avoided, the take-over by passions at the expense of reason circumvented, only through the ministrations and ultimate self-immolation of an anti-Caesar, himself as indifferent to power and glory as Caesar is avid for it—an anti-Caesar capable of transforming the fundamental affirmations of the Signers and Framers into a *political religion* that men can live by. And for Jaffa these three problems reduce themselves to the question—tacit, but present on every page of the book—whether the Civil War was, from the standpoint of natural right and the cause of self-government, the "unnecessary war" of the historians of the past fifty or sixty years, or a war that *had* to be fought in the interest of freedom for all mankind.

Jaffa's answer to the question is that the war did indeed have to be fought—once the South had gone beyond slaveholding (Lincoln, he insists, had no wish to draw an issue over the slavery *within* the Southern States) to assert the "positive goodness" of slavery, and so to deny the validity of the equality-clause standard as the basic axiom of our political system. He insists that it had to be fought lest the possibility of self-government perish from the earth; that the war *did* establish the equality clause as the fundamental truth of the American political tradition, which by the very fact of the war's being fought transcended itself as Lincoln transcended the Framers; and that the present meaning of the

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tradition lies precisely in its commitment to equality as a goal ultimately to be realized. And, *within the limits* to which he for sound reasons of strategy confines himself, Jaffa's case for that answer seems to this reviewer as nearly as possible irrefragable.

His readers will, therefore, be well-advised to keep a sharp lookout *for those limits,* lest Jaffa launch them, and with them the nation, upon a political future the very thought of which is hair-raising: a future made up of an endless series of Abraham Lincolns, each persuaded that he is superior in wisdom and virtue to the Fathers, each prepared to insist that those who oppose this or that new application of the equality standard are denying the possibility of self-government, each ultimately willing to plunge America into Civil War rather than concede his point . . . and off at the end, of course, the cooperative commonwealth of men who will be so equal that no one will be able to tell them apart.

The limits I speak of are set by the alternatives that Jaffa steadfastly—plausibly but steadfastly—refuses to consider, namely: that a negotiated solution might have been worked out in terms of compensating the Southerners for their slaves and attempting some sort of radical confrontation of the Negro problem, and that the Southerners were entitled to secede if the issue was to be drawn in Lincoln's terms.

The idea of natural right is not so easily reducible to the equality clause, and there are better ways of demonstrating the possibility of self-government than imposing one's own views concerning natural right upon others. In this light it would seem that it was the Southerners who were the anti-Caesars of pre-Civil War days, and that Lincoln was the Caesar Lincoln claimed to be trying to prevent; and that the Caesarism we all need to fear is the contemporary Liberal movement, dedicated like Lincoln to egalitarian reforms sanctioned by mandates emanating from national majorities, a movement which is Lincoln's legitimate offspring. In a word, it would seem that we had best learn to live up to the Framers before we seek to transcend them.

Tale of a Tall Pigmy

GEORG MANN

Haakon Chevalier's novel, *The Man Who Would Be God* (Viking, $4.95) is the legitimate offspring of a marriage between the great ideas of the Communist Party and the great emotions of *McCall's* magazine. In style, it resembles its mother.

The author has appeared in public as a translator from the French, in private as a conversational inhabitant of J. Robert Oppenheimer's pantry. In the latter role, his references to the possibility of transmitting nuclear secrets to the Soviets spawned the most massive mare's nest in the entire Oppenheimer loyalty hearings.

***J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER:* ". . . *After this book, he won't be back for a second meal.*"**

Whether Chevalier was hopefully hatching something or merely being sat upon is still unclear to this reader. Oppenheimer maintained social contact with Chevalier as late as 1953, when he dined with him in Paris. After this book, he won't be back for a second meal.

The novel, we are assured in a forenote, "confessedly has its point of departure in reality," but "has been so transformed that any resemblance to actual persons or events is unintentional and fortuitous." To a reader acquainted with the half million words in the Oppenheimer testimony, the novel is about as unintentional and fortuitous as a speech by Khrushchev.

The main character is a nuclear physicist who first appears as the tallest pigmy among a group of CP sympathizers and members in the latter 1930s. He is drafted to build the atomic bomb (labelled here, as though good science fiction writing never existed, The Thing, The Bolt, or The Monster). Finally, mission completed, he is destroyed by a daemonic pride which convinces him he can place his own judgment above both that of the security officers who maliciously harass him, and the truly great minds who are momentarily lying doggo from Communist Party membership.

The security officers are unmotivated caricatures; the Communists possess built-in halos, as the most wise, dedicated, selfless and idealistic men ever gathered together in one place since the opening night of *Waiting for Lefty.*

Thumping along like the bass left hand in boogie-woogie is the sad story of the hero's best friend. Originally a federal investigator sent to spy on the physicist, he becomes converted by the most outrageous political nonsense put between hard covers since Howard Fast began second-guessing himself. Eventually this *schlump* becomes ruined through the physicist's lying to the security officers.

The great ideas that motivate the novel are resurrected from a political costumer's shop bankrupt for more than two decades. The author expects the reader to treat with respect, for example: the Spanish Republic in the heyday of its Communist domination; the long-range human values of the Nazi-Soviet pact; the "Yanks are Not Coming" line of the CP during the "phony war"; a Russian War Relief party, wonderfully, if unconsciously, funny; the complete absence of Soviet espionage to get the bomb; the idea that a U. S. Communist during the war would never pass atomic secrets to the Soviets; animosity toward Russia as the main reason for dropping the bomb; the double-dealing of U. S. proposals for nuclear control. These ideas, not the cardboard characters, are the real protagonists of the novel. The genius-hero-coward physicist mouths some of them at the start. If Oppenheimer didn't express them in his admitted

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fellow-traveler days, he might have cause to sue. If he did, an explanation is overdue.

The great emotions are a *mystique* of the People, which survives the abandonment of those conjugal services upon which the courts place a dollars-and-cents value, of friendship, careers, marriage, and everything but the sacrosanct reputation of the Soviet Union.

Only sadists mention publishers' blurbs in book reviews. But only the adamant can ignore this one: "Especially it is the story of one man of genius who pitted that genius against the simple experience and understanding of ordinary, everyday mankind." Maybe mankind ought to sue, too, come to think of it. For it, in Chevalier's buttered prose, comes off even worse than Oppenheimer. Mankind is apparently one vast army of party-liners.

The Ghost of Roger Casement

FRANCIS RUSSELL

DURING Roger Casement's treason trial in 1916 and in the short period before his execution a number of typewritten copies, and in some cases photographic extracts, from his diaries for the years 1903, 1910 and 1911 were circulated by the British Government among influential political figures and members of the press in England and the United States. These diaries, jottings on his investigations in the Congo and his later journeyings on the upper Amazon, are in themselves dullish reference reading, for all their subsequent notoriety. Interspersed among these matter-of-fact entries, however, are obsessive references to the writer's homosexual practices. The 1911 diary is the most incriminating of the lot, with incidents involving dozens of people—Negroes, mulattoes, whites, soldiers, sailors and police.

Though the question of Casement's abnormality was irrelevant to his alleged treason, the diaries were deliberately used to discredit him in England, Ireland and particularly in the United States. His enemies, chief of whom were the Ulsterites Sir Edward Carson and Sir Frederick Edwin Smith, wanted to see him both dead and dishonored. In the former they succeeded all too well, and in the latter they had considerable success. Casement was the first in modern times to be executed for treason under Edward III's Statute of 1351. Earlier, in 1902, a Colonel Arthur Lynch was convicted under the 1351 Act after commanding the 2nd Irish Brigade against the English in the Boer War. He too was sentenced to death, then his sentence was commuted to life, and several months afterward he was released. Later he became a Nationalist member of the House of Commons.

But for the circulation of Casement's tainted diaries and the cast that these gave to his character, it seems unlikely that he would have been dealt with much more severely than was Colonel Lynch. The diaries, however, reinforced the implacability of his enemies and put many of his supporters in the position of trying to defend the indefensible.

Other and tougher supporters have always since maintained that the Black Diaries were forgeries of the British Secret Service, contrived to ruin finally a man who was in English official eyes a traitor and foreign agent. And certainly the service that was capable of the Corpse Factory myth or of getting an old man into lending his honorable name to the sorry fabrications of the Bryce Report would not boggle at forging Casement into his grave.

The controversy has smouldered ever since, flaring up from time to time with the publication of each new book on the subject. Yeats not long before his death wrote his two noble poems on Casement after reading Dr. W. J. Maloney's *The Forged Diaries of Roger Casement.* Alfred Noyes in *The Accusing Ghost: or Justice for Casement,* published two years ago, set out as a kind of atonement to prove definitively that the diaries were forgeries. However, René MacColl, the London *Daily Express* journalist, in his waspish *Roger Casement: A New Judgment,* that appeared a year before Noyes' book, assented to their genuineness. Neither author had access to the originals.

Two days before Casement's execution the British Prime Minister asked the American Ambassador, Walter Hynes Page, if he had seen Casement's diaries. Page said that he had not only seen them but had been given reproductions of them. "Excellent," Asquith told him, "and you need not be particular about keeping it to yourself."

ONE OF THE typescript copies of the diaries so freely circulated within official circles was given by a prominent unnamed person to Peter Singleton-Gates, a Fleet Street crime reporter, along with various other documents that included a transcript of Casement's interrogation at Scotland Yard after his arrest. After working for two years on the material Mr. Singleton-Gates announced the ensuing publication of *The Secret Diaries of Roger Casement,* which was also to include an account of Casement's life and opinions. Mr. Singleton-Gates was at once summoned to the Home Secretary and threatened with prosecution under the Official Secrets Act if his book should appear. It was suppressed.

Finally this spring Mr. Singleton-Gates published an expanded version of his abortive 1925 book. His *Black Diaries of Roger Casement* (Grove, $7.50) is a lavishly illustrated volume that gives as full and as honest an account of Roger Casement's life and times as any general reader will require. The diaries of 1903 and 1910 are given in full here, though they occupy a relatively small part of the book. The 1911 diary, "too excessive in tone when dealing with personal experiences, and too drily domestic in its listings of paltry accounts" has been reserved for a future limited edition. Mr. Singleton-Gates sees Casement as one more in the long line of Irish patriot-martyrs, but he also believes in the diaries' authenticity.

A week after the suppression of his original book Mr. Singleton-Gates was sent for privately by Sir Wyndham Childs at Scotland Yard, Sir Wyndham being the successor to Sir Basil Thomson who had first unearthed the diaries in Casement's old London lodgings and who had interrogated him after his capture. Sir

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Wyndham then offered to allow Mr. Singleton-Gates to inspect the original Casement documents. A few days later the latter returned with prints of Casement's handwriting and typed copies of several of the erotic diary entries. He soon became convinced by his comparisons that the diaries, including the erotic entries, were authentically Casement's. Michael Collins, given an opportunity for inspection some time earlier and being long familiar with Casement's handwriting, has been equally convinced.

When Casement landed in Ireland from a German submarine in the spring of 1916 his intention was to prevent bloodshed, to halt the hopeless prospects of the Easter Rising. Later from his condemned cell he described that day to his sister:

> When I landed in Ireland that morning (about 3 a.m.), swamped and swimming ashore on an unknown strand, I was happy for the first time for over a year. Although I knew that this fate was waiting for me, I was for one brief spell happy and smiling once more. I cannot tell you what I felt. The sandhills were full of skylarks, rising in the dawn, the first I had heard for years—the first sound I heard through the surf was their song as I waded in through the breakers, and they kept rising all the time up the old rath of Currshone, where I stayed and sent the others on, and all around were primroses and wild violets and the singing of the skylarks in the air, and I was back in Ireland again. As the day grew brighter I was quite happy, for I felt all the time that it was God's will that I was there.

It was scarcely credible that the man who wrote this could be guilty of cabin confrontations with native steward boys—except that human nature is often incredible. Casement himself showed no perturbation when he learned that his diaries had been picked up by Scotland Yard, an apparent indication that he felt he had nothing to fear. But the diaries, written sometimes in pencil, sometimes in ink, are unquestionably his. The only real point at issue is whether certain pages were doctored or erased and obscene entries inserted by a skilful forger. Opinions have been so bitterly at variance about this that the only solution would seem to lie in consulting the originals. Unfortunately these had become even less available than when Mr. Singleton-Gates and Michael Collins inspected them in the early twenties. The Home Office as time went on would not even admit that they still existed.

FINALLY this year the Home Secretary, prodded by French and American publication of the Black Diaries, agreed in August to allow them to be opened to public inspection. It seemed then that a mystery forty-three years old was within days of being solved.

Such has unfortunately not been the case. The first to examine the diaries in the Public Records Office was Mr. MacColl, who after his inspection announced melodramatically that they were "a record of vice perhaps unparalleled in the English language . . . and nowhere the slightest sign that this frightful collection is not absolutely genuine." Brian Inglis, formerly of the *Irish Times* and now editor of the *Spectator,* had previously considered the diaries a forgery, but a few minutes' study of the originals convinced him of their genuineness.

Following Mr. MacColl to Chancery Lane, Dr. Herbert O. Mackey, the well-known Dublin surgeon who has made a twenty-five years' study of Casement, arrived at the Records Office with matched prisms, a ten-power reading glass and an electrically-lighted magnifier for examining paper surfaces. His conclusions after six hours of studying the first diary volume were:

> The passages in the diary indicating that Casement was a moral pervert were not written by Roger Casement. They were the work of another penman.
>
> The result has been obtained by erasure, bleaching out of letters and interpolation of new material in handwriting resembling Casement's and inserted for the purpose of deceiving the reader, by altering and corrupting the sense and meaning to the text.

Professor Roger McHugh of National University, Dublin, made a subsequent examination of the diaries. He too concluded that they were rigged by additions and alterations. Professor McHugh feels that a man in Casement's public position could scarcely have persisted in the succession of degenerate acts described in the 1911 diary without being detected. And in the matter of style he finds the evidence all for forgery.

So the matter rests, apparently no farther ahead than when the Home Secretary opened the archives. For the most part those who previously believed the diaries genuine have not changed their minds. Those who held they were forgeries still maintain it. To the question whether Roger Casement was a maligned martyr or an Irish patriot with an inner moral cancer, one still cannot give a final answer. The bureaucratic regulations of the Public Records Office allow nothing more than a magnifying glass to be used in examining the documents. So far tests with X-rays and chemicals have been ruled out, although they would seem to offer the only ultimate solution to this forty-three-year enigma.

The Roosevelts: Just Folks

MAUREEN B. O'REILLY

Affectionately F.D.R., by James Roosevelt and Sidney Shalett (Harcourt, $5.75) concentrates on F.D.R. the family man, the gallant victim of polio, rather than on F.D.R., the idolized-despised man of history. But history was so much the making of Franklin Roosevelt that what remains of him in Hyde Park and Campobello and Warm Springs and even in the private chambers of the White House is, well, dull. Further, James Roosevelt seems to be addicted to the great democratic idea that to be endearing his subject must be described vulgarly. As a result the portrait is drawn with methodical banality.

The five children (consistently referred to as "kids" or "chicks") were "highly individualistic persons with independent minds" who, frequently though they "scrapped," would "in times of crisis . . . close ranks and fight to the death *for* [*sic*] each other." "Though most people thought of [F.D.R.] as an extroverted, gregarious person . . . basically he was a shy, reticent person." And Groton, Harvard and his mother notwithstanding, he was NOT a snob; James Roosevelt himself has spoken to "old-timers" in Warm Springs "who swear they have seen Pa sample some of these [locally distilled] beverages, drinking right out of a fruit jar along with everyone else." When the Secret

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Service asked Eleanor Roosevelt to carry a gun on her travels her children found it "particularly incongruous" because, curiously, "Mother never fired a shot in anger in her life."

Since Sidney Shallet did not counsel James Roosevelt that a reader prefers an extraordinary family to be extraordinary, presumably he was brought in to do something about the style of the book. He did not. Its folksiness is appalling. Everywhere, words and phrases like "runt," "guy," "swellest," "busted," "high jinks." In a single sentence we read that "the first fledgling to leave the gold-plated, feather-bedded nest" was taught to fly by his Pa, and in another that F.D.R. "was just as capable of putting his foot into his mouth and perpetrating a classic boner as any tyro politician starting out in the sticks." Has the biography, then, freshness of sentiment? Mr. Roosevelt assures us that "all the brickbats notwithstanding, working for Father was far more educational than Groton and Harvard combined," and observes that though "the President of the United States

rarely is alone, . . . his can be the loneliest job in the world."

While *Affectionately, F.D.R.* busily cuts the man Roosevelt to the archetype "father," it absentmindedly affords the reader intriguing insight into the person of Eleanor Roosevelt. A "timid, fluttering, inept housewife," scurrying without hope to do the will of her husband and of his overbearing mother, she found she could cope with the world better than with her family and household. She simply could not intrude upon her own home. When Elliott, a boy in his mid-teens, did not show up at a ranch to which he had been sent for the summer, two months went by before she could bring herself to worry out loud. "At last," James recalls, "Mother, who had been enduring it in her customary silent, stoic fashion, could stand it no longer. . . . 'Franklin, we must do something about finding this boy.' 'Oh,' he said, 'do you think so?'"

Eleanor Roosevelt paid the price for personal identification in greater and greater periods of separation from her husband. So revealing and pathetic is a letter she wrote him in 1926 that one wonders she allowed it to be included: "I'm glad you enjoyed your holiday, dear, and I wish we did not lead such a hectic life. A little prolonged quiet might bring us all together and yet it might do just the opposite! I really don't know what I want or think about anything any more." When F.D.R. spent a winter recuperating in Warm Springs, Eleanor chose to remain in New York—the very same city whose streets (she had written as a bride) "filled with foreign looking people, crowded and dirty, filled [me] with a certain amount of terror." And, in due course,

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she embarked upon a continuous trip around the world.

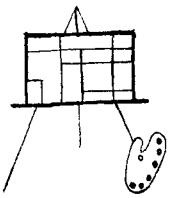
The deep devotion that James Roosevelt undoubtedly has to his father grew through their work together. As a member of his campaign staff and as Presidential secretary until 1938, when ill health forced him to resign, James Roosevelt was totally committed to his father's policies and maneuvers. Unblushingly, he refers to "Father's proposal to reform the superannuated Supreme Court"; and casually he tries to explain—without conceding that an explanation is due—his father's refusal to cooperate with Hoover in the terrible days between his election and his inauguration. Herbert Hoover and Westbrook Pegler are the enemies of his father for whom Mr. Roosevelt betrays the sharpest hatred. Admitting that he has no documentation to prove it, he claims that Pegler sought a job in the New Deal and implies that it was in failing to give him one that F.D.R. first incurred Pegler's wrath. (But how to account for the cogency of Pegler's criticism?)

Mr. Roosevelt believes that "what the New Deal was about" was, simply, "government by humanity," that in forging it F.D.R. progressed from a "Hyde Park gentleman" to a "humanitarian." Eager to show how far his father had advanced as early as 1917, he speaks of an argument that arose between F.D.R. and his mother after she had expressed the hope that Hyde Park would be kept intact for future generations of Roosevelts. After her son had left, Sara Delano Roosevelt wrote him: "the foolish old saying 'noblesse oblige' is good and 'honneur oblige' possibly expresses it better for most of us. One can be as democratic as one likes, but if we love our own, and if we love our neighbor, we owe a great example. . . . I sat in the library for nearly an hour, reading, and as I . . . left the delightful room and the two fine portraits, I thought: after all, would it not be better just to spend all this at once . . . and not think about the future for with the trend to 'shirt sleeves' and . . . [away from] old-fashioned traditions of family life, simple home pleasures and refinements, the traditions some of us love best, of what use is it to keep up things, to hold on to dignity . . . ?"

Her only son and her eldest grandson concluded, Of no use at all, none at all.

Art

The Flesh and the Bones



C. R. MORSE

A YOUTHFUL FIGURE both divine and boyish leaps from his chariot into a magical world of blue and gold, rose and copper and bronze—a world of Keatsian opulence, where animals mingle with fantastic beings, nude revelers and lovely young women. Draperies float on the colored air. A vast landscape recedes past sea and town to larkspur mountains, and dissolves at last in an eternal afternoon. The picture, of course, is Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne."

It is perhaps unfair to confront such modern abstractionists as Pollock and Motherwell with the greatest master of them all. Anyone painting like Titian in our time would be monster as well as *monstrum*. However, we might coolly examine some of the elements that make up this supreme achievement of bygone days. First, there is a "story," a myth inextricably rooted in the entire Hellenic tradition. Much learning would be required to trace all the threads of legend and history so enchantingly knotted in this single scene. But the story is only one element, a happy pretext for bringing together other delights and qualities.

There is "anatomy"—or the celebration of the human body's beauty and variety. There are animal studies and still-life. The "drapery" (which not long ago required rigorous courses in art schools) is consummately realized. There are landscape and seascape, architecture, shadow and light. Also there are complex psychological elements. Childhood, youth and maturity are characterized. There is purpose in the god's leap and in Ariadne's frozen flight. The *meaning* even dictates the "composition"—*e.g.*, the emptiness dividing Ariadne from the densely patterned onrush of revellers.

Indeed, it is difficult to separate the psychological from the formal in this wonderfully elaborate composition. Everything serves at least two purposes. The colors can be viewed, rug-like, as a decorative arrangement "on the flat," but they also function as creators and interpreters of depth, light, texture, the "local" colors of things seen in their logical transformations under given conditions. Then too the "drawing" not only defines the natural forms, it also establishes a surface pattern and a rhythm of volumes moving in depth.

Another element of the "Bacchus" must not be forgotten—the masterly "technique" (brush-stroke, *matière*, etc.). Most of us find pleasure in craftsmanship, marvelling at the thing we cannot do ourselves. We salute *skill*—respecting the dedicated labor that has gone into the acquirement of professional command. Technique always carries with it a perfume of time . . .

Of course "technique," "drawing," "color," etc., are old-fashioned terms which attempt to separate the inseparable. A painting is all these things and more. It is a complex entity, and defies vivisection. It may be said that the greatest painting carries the world of Form as close as possible to the world of Non-Form. Through the tangible shapes of one "reality" we are made to sense the presence of another kind of "reality." But the intervening boundary is sternly guarded, and whoever steps across pays the penalty of becoming meaningless. Titian's "Bacchus" does not, perhaps, approach the line so nearly as the works of his old age, but nonetheless we are transported to an exalted sphere, a climate very far from everyday "realism." No slavish naturalism, but an ineffable purpose, dictates the dance-like postures of these noble beings. We have never seen such creatures—and yet we *recognize* them. We know their country.

Most of us have secret inklings, a guess, a stubborn dream of a more intense and meaningful state of being. The arts, especially music, confirm us in this. But the arts can neither invent nor impose—they can only arouse and organize our preknowledge, vague and unevaluated as

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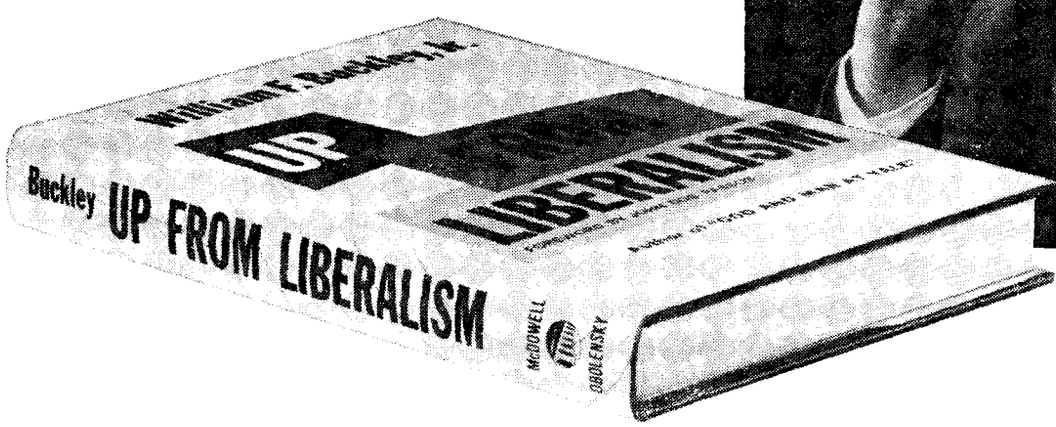

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by WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, Jr.

Foreword by JOHN DOS PASSOS • At all bookstores $3.50

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it may be. Out of our own substance we *make* the poem. Who can say what thousands (perhaps *millions*) of associations and sense-data Titian has succeeded in arousing in us so that we recreate his picture, each of us according to his own capacity?

I HAVE NOT raised up the Past as a "hanging judge" to pass sentence on contemporary painting. Tolstoy's dread warning that whoever attempts to understand his own times is stricken with barrenness, should be inscribed over the Museum of Modern Art's door. It is easy enough to discuss Titian, but what can be said about these vast, nearly non-representational canvases which, by their very nature, elude verbal analysis? We can begin by saying what they are *not*—as if making a cast of some invisible creature.

At once we see there is no "story," unless we are to take seriously the fanciful titles. Almost total suppression of "representation" naturally rules out anatomy, landscape, drapery, animals, still-life. Without "known" objects to establish scale there can be no dimension. A single stroke of blue in even a small representational painting can produce in the *mind* the illusion of a mountain range. In "abstract painting" (so-called) the blue stroke is very likely to suggest nothing beyond its own dimension on the canvas. Furthermore, the horizon itself has been discarded—and to abandon the horizon is to abandon space and the infinite. Also the ground-plane has been almost entirely abolished. Weightless, the invented forms float unanchored —for to abandon earth's gravity is to enter free-fall.

As for technique, the arduously acquired craft of the Renaissance has been deliberately flouted. The paint is usually applied with the tenderness of a house-painter trying out colors on an old fence. We find great, rough, full-arm strokes with huge brushes, slashed on the canvas as if the ardor of genius made the artist impatient of all niceties. Does the laden brush dribble and run? All the better!—a further testimonial to fiery creativity. Gorky's finely controlled line is the more precious for its rarity. But do not suppose that this inspired sloppiness is an easy trick, or that "any child can do it." In Titian's day such seeming carelessness could be found only in sketch or cartoon, but now it is the hallmark of the new Academy. The "Bacchus" conceals its immense dexterity so that we may be swept beyond it into the higher illusion. But our "moderns" insist that we participate in the *act* of painting.

Do all these suppressed elements indicate impoverishment or progress? Certainly many excellent ways of exciting interest and feeling have been jettisoned, with no very clear compensation. At least color and composition have been retained. But Titian's multi-valued use of color has almost ceased to function. The color is apt to remain simply pigment, no matter how pleasing or outrageous—flat areas, suggesting little or no depth to any but the most illusion-seeking eye. And all that black straight from the pot!—Movement, too, has been restricted to the surface, like a pressed four-leaf clover.

Perhaps these canvases are made so huge because they are unable to suggest anything larger than their own physical dimension on the wall. No infinite space in a nutshell for *them!* Can it be their overblown size that gives so strongly the impression of a Public Art? Indeed these paintings seem *designed* for the wide bare walls of museums, or the actually bare and dehumanized walls of modish "decorated" apartments.

It is as if our painters had determined to separate out the mysterious qualities of Art as opposed to Content. It is hopelessly difficult to judge of their success in this, although to many it seems that they have boiled away the flesh and served up only the bones. But does this mean that the result is "inhuman"? Not at all, I should say. We cannot so easily ecape our humanity—and these artists, I would flatly assert, are the most talented and interesting painters of our time.

If they attempt to establish communication by far more rarefied and unverifiable means, it is no wonder the results puzzle, and leave many in doubt of their "sincerity." They perhaps lean too heavily on a stubborn human tendency to make sense out of *anything*—even if it is only a stain on the ceiling. I myself feel they have carried the world of Form a little too close to the boundary of Non-Form, with the resultant penalty. But if we cannot always follow them in the inward probings of their own psyche, if we are deaf to these mumbled passwords to the Beyond, at least we are left with bold, decorative, handsome objects. The Abstract Expressionists might be defended (in a phrase of Thomas Mann) as "world-renouncing monks of unreason, cavorting hybrids, part human and part insane art."

Fall Book Number

The November 21 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW will be a special book number, containing reviews by:

John Chamberlain on *Advertisements for Myself,* by Norman Mailer

M. Stanton Evans on *War Crimes Discreetly Veiled,* by F. J. P. Veale

Hugh Kenner on *James Joyce,* by Richard Ellmann

Stanley Parry, C.S.C. on *The Strength of Men and Nations,* by William Ernest Hocking

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To the Editor

The Lunik Hoaxes

May I commend M. Stanton Evans for his excellent reporting of the Lunik hoaxes [October 24]. Just what the Soviets have sent into outer space, if anything, remains a mystery. But Mr. Evans has conclusively demonstrated that the grandiose Soviet claims, though swallowed by American scientists who have forgotten the meaning of scientific method, do not fit the verifiable facts.

Washington, D.C. RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Who's Conservative?

I much enjoyed Mrs. Robert Walker's exchange of letters with Governor Rockefeller's "Proclamations Officer" [October 24]. It seems to me the exchange pointed up a basic dilemma we are going to have to face as soon as possible. Given Rockefeller's political cynicism—as evidenced by Tracy Wilklow's short shrift—it would be hard to vote for such a man. And yet each day brings fresh evidence of Richard Nixon's political hypocrisies — on the whole Russian business, on the Khrushchev visit, etc. Meanwhile, Rockefeller comes out for stringent restrictions on trade with the Soviet Union, and for resuming bomb tests. And Nixon wants to strengthen the World Court. From here, it looks like Rocky's more conservative—at least on foreign policy. What do we do?

New York City JAMES J. HERLONG

Free Trade

Miss Taylor Caldwell [Letters, October 24] seems to belong to that school of thought which believes that a dollar is worth more than a dollar's worth of wealth. I, too, remember that after World War I our high tariffs put an end to any hopes of recovering the large loans we had made to Europe and also contributed to the world-wide depression.

Nor is money required to observe the same result now in aid instead of trade. If we sell to the Japanese, say, $1 million in motors with a labor cost of $2 an hour and buy from them $1 million in bicycles at a labor cost of 50 cents an hour, it would seem to me that if any party got a bad deal it was the other fellow. Nothing could convince me that *we* could lose by the deal.

There are two current fallacies to account for the confusion on this question. 1) That money is wealth. 2) That it is worth more than the real wealth for which it is freely exchanged. World trade is an exchange of commodities or wealth, and if money is left out of the picture much of the confusion is avoided.

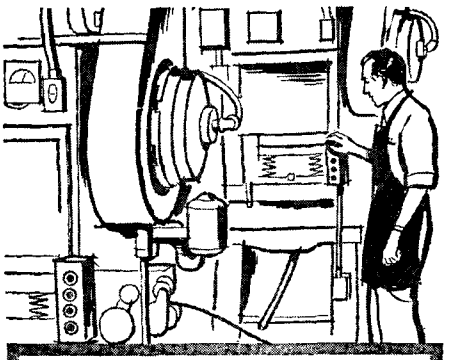
Lakewood, Ohio JAMES HAIR

The Brick Wall

When the editor of NATIONAL REVIEW wrote *God and Man at Yale* I sympathized with his view a bit (as many do) and more apropos the axe-job that the Liberals did on him; not because they had no reason to take some swings but because they used the dirtiest kind of misrepresentation (which characterizes a great deal of Liberal debate, of course) and because they are always breathing such noble high-minded idealism out of one side of their mouths while practicing foulness of all sorts with the other.

Nonetheless, while I have a general sympathy with the conservative view (as perhaps most do) I must say that the iron-minded ineptitude of its protagonists entirely alienates me from any desire to associate with them. It is quite as bad to have no sense of tactics and of the everlasting need to seek fresh terrain for an offensive —for only the offensive ever wins anything—as it is to have no sense of history or of reality.

The sad history of American conservatism is partly depicted . . . [in the image of a man butting his head against a brick wall]; whereas any man, conservative or not, who contemplates reality knows that nothing that man builds—Hitler's Siegfried Line, which I helped go through, or Liberals' brick walls, or China's Great Wall—is solid brick everywhere. Merely to wave aloft some holy flag and charge like Don Quixote is stupid. Even the most intransigent and uncompromising ones of the past, obedient only to Conscience and God —I think of Jesus, Who noted that



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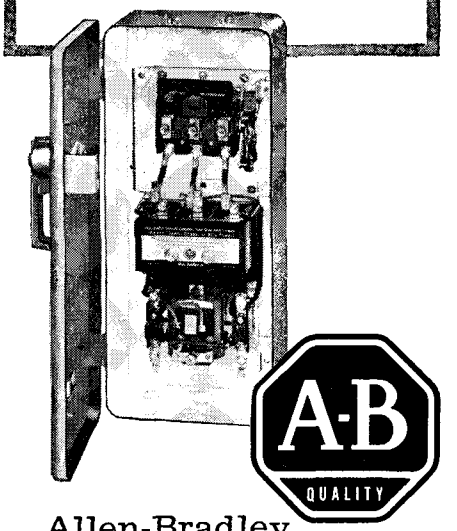

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"the cunning of the serpent and the cooing of the dove" were useful tactics —have taken account of the tactical situation between genuflections to the Eternal; and if I do not altogether misread the matter, God's Executive Officer, Natural Reality, of which social and psychological reality are parts, scores performance in the human arena not solely upon rigidly iron-minded adherence to some Absolute Position, real or fancied, but also in terms of tactical dealings with situations as they occur and are. As an infantry commander my objective, for example, was to win the war; certainly in my sector: but what kind of commander would I have been if, considering this the whole of the matter, I took a map, drew a straight line from where I was to Berlin, and gave my troops the order to march that line forthwith, deviating no inch upon encounter with resistance?

The shortest distance between two points is not the straight line but the least time. . . .

CAPT. JACK M. WEBSTER

Corpus Christi, Texas

Life and Biology

This Constant Reader, and sometime correspondent, is moved again to words by "The Ivory Tower" in the October 24 issue.

Mr. Buckley and Mr. Bozell have hit nails on heads. Today we seem prey to fear, pacifist fear; fear for ourselves, without, as you say, horror of the horror in other lands. We have fallen back entirely on our supineness. We have lost the true gold of those men who pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, and are following only the glitter.

Mr. Buckley's conclusion of winning for the sake of humanity, rather than for life biologically defined, is a sharp thorn set to the human conscience. I applaud it. For if life, in a last maelstrom of humankind, were extinguished on this earth, we should still be of the Universe and of God. For we have this faith to sustain us, and should press on with it.

Theodore Roosevelt, my father's friend and hero, said once, "Why fear Death? It is the greatest adventure in Life." . . . Generations of Americans before us have not feared Death. It is preferable to humility and slavery. And I speak as the father of two children. . . .

Vail's Gate, N.Y. BURKE BOYCE

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POMONA COLLEGE

(*Continued from page 458*)

Then, after shrewdly noticing the Liberal professors ". . . are loyal to one another and working together with great effectiveness in a warm cooperative spirit . . .," the three teachers came to what they obviously considered the most important part of their report: teacher benefits.

For example, the report recommends that teachers should receive more "financial aid for attendance at professional meetings." And, naturally, the sabbatical leave system needs "further liberalization." (These may be commendable goals, but unfortunately, the visiting committee wasn't invited to investigate the sabbatical leave system.) The wise men concluded that the department was, indeed, a "good" one.

But there's more. Who suggested that Messrs. Swisher and Bruce form two-thirds of this committee? None other than Dr. John A. Vieg! And how do I know? Dr. Vieg told me himself.

Just why the conservatives on the Academic Affairs Committee had allowed the head of the Government Department to choose his own judge and jury remains a mystery. Weary of battle, they left the fight.

And what's happened since the report? Dr. Bruce, who was part of the investigating committee, has been a visiting professor at Pomona this year. (Curiously, the visiting wise men, of whom Dr. Bruce, Professor Emeritus from Dartmouth, was chairman, recommended that "retired personnel" from "another section of the country" teach at Pomona.) And Dr. Flournoy, who no longer has to live with Malone, McCarthy, Jenner and Knowland (Goldwater is still hanging around, but into each life some rain must fall) is pleased because his contract has been renewed for next year.

One final note. For the first time since Halley's Comet was last spotted, the graduation speaker this year turned out to be both a businessman and a conservative. In the course of his address, he had a few kind words for thrift and private enterprise. (Maybe the noise raised by the trustees has been of some benefit after all.) But the students, alas, did not like what he had to say. And in several quarters, the man was labeled—you guessed it—a reactionary.

And so ended a dandy year of school.

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